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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

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CHAPTER IX.

TEMPTATION AND FALL.

OR about six weeks John Graham worked steadily on the farm where he was engaged and never did the place have a more faithful and conscientious laborer. Promptly at the hour of beginning work in the morning he was to be found at his post where he remained till it was time to stop for the day. Then he walked home, spent the night with his family, slept soundly and was ready for the next day's work.

Mary watched him carefully during this time of reformation, and it is needless to say how greatly she rejoiced at the change which had come over him. If she could only be assured that the reform was permanent she would have been one of the happiest women in the world.

Things went on in this way for the time mentioned. One day his wife thought she saw a change in John's manner; his face was more flushed than usual, he was restless and wakeful, and his mind seemed to be wandering at times. It was very evident that something was wrong.

He went to his work in the morning as usual, and Mary watched him closely to see that he took the right road to the farm, and did not go in the direction of the village. She feared that his footsteps would turn towards the White Horse, and blessed the thoughtfulness of Dr. Green in arranging about the payment of John's wages to her, so that he was not likely to have any money in his pocket with which to buy rum.

When he was out of sight she hastened to Mr. Colby's house and told that gentleman what she had seen and what she feared. Mr. Colby listened attentively, and then accompanied her to call on Dr. Hills for his advice.

"The thirst is coming again," said the doctor, as soon as he heard the story, "and it will be necessary to watch the patient closely. He has a craving for stimulant, which he may be unable to resist without care and assistance. Perhaps it may be necessary to lock him up until the danger is past."

"If he has let liquor alone for six weeks," said Mr. Colby, "why can't he continue to do so for six months or six years?"

"Evidently you don't understand the case of the dipsomaniac," was the reply. "The disease shows itself at times until it has been entirely eradicated; the intervals between the attacks are of varied duration in different individuals and sometimes in the same person. Thus I have one patient who goes on a spree, unless forcibly prevented, once in every six months, and his sprees last from five to ten days. When he has sobered up and recovered he doesn't touch another drop of liquor until the next recurrence, and the very sight and smell of rum, or any other ardent spirit, are horrifying to him. He knows that he cannot touch a drop without yielding wholly to its influence, but when the fever takes him he goes it at all hazards. I have another patient whose paroxysms of drunkenness come on about once a year, while there are others who are attacked every three months, or oftener.

"One patient of mine has a way of believing that he has reformed for good and conquered his taste for spirits. By a process of reasoning with himself he comes to the conclusion that he has reached a point where he can take one drink and only one; he has conquered his tastes, and there is nothing to be feared. All the persuasions of friends will not stop him from demonstrating what he can do, and he takes the one drink with the full determination to stop at that. That one drink begins a fearful debauch which is kept up as long as strength and money hold out."

"The man must be insane!" Mr. Colby remarked.

"Yes, he is insane," Dr. Hill's replied. "Drunkenness is an insanity, or rather it is a form of mental and physical derangment, exactly like what we call insanity. A drunken man is really a lunatic and should be treated as such; he is not responsible for his acts any more than is the most pronounced victim in the state lunatic asylum."

"Then when the drunkard commits what would be a crime in a sober man, why is he punished as though he were responsible for it?" Mr. Colby asked.

"The law holds the drunkard responsible for placing himself in the condition in which he performed the irresponsible act. He is supposed to have voluntarily taken the spirits which intoxicated him and must abide by the consequences of that voluntary act. If the consequences are murder, or any other crime, he is to be punished for getting into the condition in which he could commit the crime.

"You can readily see," he continued, "that any other mode of practice would be very dangerous to society, and the safety of the whole public. Suppose an intoxicated man were permitted to plead his intoxication as a reason why he should not be punished for killing a fellow being, and the plea were allowed. It would make clear the way for every villain who wished to kill or injure another. All he would need to do would be to take a few drinks, being careful to have witnesses that he had taken them, and then he would be safe from punishment, no matter what he did. You or I might be murdered by an enemy who had previously intoxicated himself, and he would walk the streets as free as ever, while we rested beneath the sod, where he sent us."

"Now let us come back to John's case," said the doctor. He should be looked after at once; go to him and persuade him to go home and rest for a day. Give him some tea or coffee to allay the cravings of his stomach, for it is the stomach that is the center of the disturbance; don't have the tea or coffee strong, or it may bring on a fit of nausea that will weaken him. Nourishing food of any kind that he craves may be given, but on no account anything containing spirits. Compel him to stay in the house, or if he goes out of doors at all, some one must accompany him to restrain his desire to go to the tavern."

While the doctor was talking he prepared some powders which were to be given to the patient every two hours until he was fully recovered from his nervousness and was able to sleep. Then Mary and Mr. Colby took their leave, the former going straight home to prepare for John's arrival as soon as Mr. Colby should bring him from the farm.

But they were both of them too late to prevent what they so much feared would happen.

On his way to the farm John met one of his old companions. The latter had a flask of rum in his pocket and offered it to John.

In his nervous, craving condition the sight of the liquor was too much for him; he was unable to resist the temptation and took the proffered dram. Not only did he take the "drink" which was offered, but he kept the flask to his lips till he had drained every drop.

"When I offer you anything again you'll know it," said the other. "Here you've been and swallered it all and I haint anything left out of what was to last me all the forenoon."

Instantly the fumes of the alcohol rose to the brain of the dipsomaniac and he was wildly intoxicated. He asked for more, but fortunately the other had no more to give him.

Then he staggered on towards the farm, but before reaching it he turned and took the road that led to the White Horse. Entering the bar-room he rushed to the bar and asked for a glass of rum.

"Where's your money?" the barkeeper demanded. He had heard of the steps taken to secure John's reformation, including the arrangement for the payment of wages to the wife, and thus keeping John's pockets empty.

"Never mind the money," was the reply. "Give me something to drink—drink. I must have it."

But the man was obdurate, not that he cared for the condition of the unfortunate dipsomaniac or had any hesitation at selling what he asked for. He had no idea of giving away the liquor, and unceremoniously ordered John to leave the place. And when he refused to go he was taken by the collar and led to the door; he attempted to resist and one of the loungers about the place came to the bar keeper's aid and in a few moment's John found himself outside in the street.

He wandered off in the direction of the other tavern, but before he reached it he was met by Mr. Colby, who with considerable difficulty induced him to go home. He begged piteously to be allowed "just one more drink," but his friend was obstinate and would listen to nothing of the kind.

On reaching home he was induced to go bed and one of the powders prepared by Dr. Hills was given him. It was followed in the prescribed time by another and another, and before the close of the day he fell into a heavy sleep, which lasted for several hours. When he waked he suffered from headache and nausea, his hands shook violently, and he was evidently in a condition of highly shaken nerves. He refused the food that was offered to him, but after a while his appetite returned and he ate sparingly. Then he slept again, and by the following morning was fairly restored to his former condition.

How repentant he was and how bitterly he regretted having taken the drink that was offered him on the road. "I believe," said he, "that I could have conquered the desire if I had not actually seen the dreadful stuff and held the bottle in my hand. That was too much for me and I couldn't resist."

Kind words and kind treatment had their effect, and in three days he was back again at work on the farm. But through fear of a recurrence of the temptation, he was unwilling to walk along the road, but took his way through the fields and "across lots," lest he should meet his old companion again with the rum bottle.

But he was not destined to meet him, as a few days later the fellow missed his footing while crossing a small stream where the bridge had no railing. He fell into the water and was drowned. The accident occurred during the night, and nothing was known of the matter until his dead body was found lying in the stream where the water was less than two feet deep. Had he been sober nothing more serious than a wetting could have occurred, but drunkenness rendered him unable to save himself.

Nothing was said to John on the subject, as it was thought just as well for him to continue his secluded walk away from the road; there were other hard drinkers who might chance along the way which had proved so unfortunate for him. The bar-room was keeping steadily at its work of making drunkards, just as the bar-rooms all over the country have been doing ever since.

When the state of affairs was reported to him, Dr. Hills said it was nothing more than he had expected. "John Graham is a lunatic," said he, "and he should be treated as one. The difference between the dipsomaniac and the ordinary lunatic is that the latter may be insane on all subjects, while the former is insane on only one. His nervous condition is beyond his control, and although he wants to stop drinking his brain and nerves refuse to obey his will. As the ordinary lunatic is excited by the sight or sound of the objects of his dread so John Graham's passion is roused by the sight of alcoholic liquor. Under such circumstances you cannot reason with him, but must keep him out of temptation. What he says is true, I presume, that he might have controlled himself had it not been for the chance encounter with the acquaintance with the material for intoxication in his possession."

"One thing is encouraging," the doctor continued, "and that is the brevity of the recent attack. It was a very fortunate thing that he had no money in his possession when he entered the bar-room of the White Horse, as the bar-keeper would have readily accommodated his craving and brought him well into a debauch before he could be rescued. I would suggest that the proprietor of the White Horse, and of the other tavern as well, should be notified that they will be prosecuted for selling liquor to him in case he ever applies to them again. John has put himself quite in the hands of his friends,' as the politicians say, and you are his friends. You have the right to do it, and I certainly believe it is your duty."

The tavernkeepers received formal notice to that effect, and Mary felt easier about the future. Still she did not abate her watchfulness, nor were her fears by any means allayed.

So ended John Graham's first misfortune in straying from the path of reformation. He was struggling with his powerful enemy, who has conquered more men than all other earthly agencies combined. Statistics show that the deaths directly and indirectly caused by alcoholic drinks in all civilized communities are more numerous than from all other causes. And as for pauperism, were it not for alcohol three-fourths of our alms-houses would be tenantless, and three-fourths of the present suffering by families and individuals would be unknown. Crime will be without its chief abettor when the dram shops are shut and the dram seller has changed his occupation.

CHAPTER X.

DRINK BILL OF THE NATION.

OME of our readers may shake their heads doubtingly on reading the closing paragraph of the last chapter. To remove their doubts we will give a few figures, though not in tabular form, to show the effects of drink upon a community, a state, or a nation.

Let any reader look about him in the community where he lives, be it city or country, and make note of the paupers whom he personally knows or knows about, of the families and individuals who are supported by public or private charity, or in any way are dependent on others than those whose duty it is to support them. Let him ascertain, as nearly as possible, the cause of the poverty in each instance, and he will assuredly find that in far more than the majority of instances it was the drink evil.

The vagrants that walk the streets of the cities or "tramp" through the rural districts are, in nine cases out of ten, drunkards, and even the tenth man is very unlikely to be an abstainer from alcohol, except upon compulsion.

Three-fourths of the business of the police courts is with "drunk and disorderly" cases, and of the inmates of jails and prisons more than half owe their incarceration to drink, either directly or indirectly. The majority of cases of manslaughter are due to drink, while those of murder in the first degree contribute a large proportion.

And what do you suppose is the drink bill of the nation, taken as a whole?

During the first quarter of this century the amount spent in the United States for intoxicating drinks was $1,948,000,000, while the imports of all kinds, including coin and bullion, were $195,000,000 less than that amount. During the next fifteen years the drink bill of the nation was $1,130,000,000, which was $30,000,000 more than all imports and $34,000,000 more than all exports.

The figures have increased as the population has grown. From 1870 to 1879 we spent 6,717 million dollars for drink, which was 1,497 millions more than all imports in the same period and 1,316 millions more than all exports. During 84 years of the present century the national bill for drink was very nearly 22,000 millions of dollars, which was 3,081 millions more than all imports in the same time and 4,964 millions more than all exports!

The assessed value of all real and personal property in the United States in 1880 was 4,384 millions less than the national drink bill for 84 years. In the same year the value of farm products sold, consumed or on hand was 197 million dollars less than the cost of drinks for the year 1880, 1881 and 1882. All the products of our manufacturing and mechanical industries for that year did not equal the drink bill for the years from 1875 to 1882 inclusive. Thus in only three years our expenditure for liquors equals the products of our farms for one year, and in eight years the annual product of all our industries. In eleven years we consume in alcoholics the equivalent of the product of all our industries of every nature!

A writer on this subject says:

"If a fire were to be kindled on the first day of January in every eleventh year, and if, during that year, every article, as fast as produced in our workshops, factories, etc., and all the farm products, as fast as they were gathered, were thrown into the fire and consumed until nothing but their ashes remained, this destruction of the products of labor and capital would not inflict as much injury on our people and country as is produced during every eleven years by the sale of intoxicating drinks."

Taking the average annual cost of liquors for three years and dividing it by the population we find that the yearly expense for each individual, man, woman and child, is $16, and for each family $80 75. Again the permanent investment in the railways of the United States in 1880 was 5.182 million dollars, which was 1,436 millions less than the amount spent for intoxicating liquors in the preceding ten years. These figures could be extended indefinitely, but we will drop them for the present, and turn again to the fortunes of the Graham family.

Dick was much pleased to be taken into Mr. Webster's store, and set about his work with great vigor. In nearly every trade or occupation the apprentice begins at the foot of the ladder. The boy who goes to learn the carpenter's trade begins by turning the grind-stone, and it is the duty of the blacksmith's apprentice to blow the bellows. The green hand at sea has all the drudgery of the ship, and so it goes through all the list of occupations in which the muscle of man is required. Even the professions are not exempt from this rule. The medical student has many unpleasant things to learn in a very practical way while he is mastering the rudiments of the healing art, and as for the law student, does he not have an endless amount of copying dreary documents and similar work, for which he receives no pay beyond the privilege of "reading law" in a practitioner's office?

Dick was required to be at the store at seven o'clock in the morning—before any one else put in an appearance. Then he swept out the establishment, arranged anything that had been removed from its proper place, and in a general way made the inside of the building presentable to the first or any other customer for the day. Mr. Webster came at 8 o'clock, cast an eye upon everything, and it was such a sharp eye that it anything was in the least out of order he was sure to discover it. In such case he would call the attention of Dick, with a few kindly words, and in this way the youth learned his duties.

Mr. Webster was very systematic in his way of dealing with his clerks. While they were "learning the ropes" he was as lenient as one could wish, and this leniency sometimes led his employes, when new to the business, to take advantage of his good nature. He allowed them a month to understand what was expected of them, and when the month was up any dereliction of duty was treated with severity. There were no more soft words for any of them, but on the contrary severe reprimands that rarely needed repetition. And if such repetition was frequently needed the services of the one to whom they were addressed were not required for any long period.

"We have a rule here," said he to Dick on the second morning of the latter's clerkship, "that you must remember as long as you are in my employ."

Dick listened respectfully while Mr. Webster slowly enunciated his rule:

"Eyes and ears open—mouth shut."

This was stated without a semblance of a smile. Dick waited a moment, and the said:

"Yes, sir, I'll remember it."

"There are some other rules," continued the merchant, "but this is the first on my list. You'll learn about the others as you go along."

Then he instructed the youth in some of his duties, in addition to those which had been mastered the day before, and while in the midst of the instruction was called off to attend upon a customer.

Dick was an apt scholar and soon learned all that came within his line of work. And some things which had often puzzled him before he entered the store were made plain to him.

For instance, whenever he had been sent to purchase anything he had generally found its price marked in figures which he understood, preceded by letters which he didn't understand. He was curious to learn the mystery of these things and they were soon revealed to him.

"Those letters represent the cost of things," said Mr. Webster, "and the figures show the price at which the thing must be sold, or rather the price we ought to get for it. Any word or words of ten letters, in which no letter is repeated, will answer our purpose, and whenever our customers find out what that word is we have to change to another. 'Cumberland' was my word for some time, but about a year ago I changed to 'corn basket.' This is the way we make up our cipher."

Then he wrote the word 'corn basket' with figures over each letter, as follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
C O R N B A S K E T.

"You see by this," he explained, "that C stands for 1, O for 2, R for 3, and so on through the ten numerals. You must learn these letters and the figures they represent, so that you will know in a moment without stopping to run them over mentally. This you will do after a little practice."

Dick practiced, and by the next morning he was ready to be put through a series of tests. Mr. Webster handed him article after article from the counters, and without hesitating an instant the youth gave the cost of each as represented by the cipher. His promptness in so doing received the warm praise of his employer.

Dick blushed with pride and satisfaction, but he was soon put to the blush in a different sort of way.

A bundle of corn-hoes had arrived that morning, and the mail brought a bill for them. Dick saw that the price was $8 a dozen, or 75 cents for each hoe. The retail price was fixed at $1, and by Mr. Webster's direction Dick marked them. He also put the letters "e t" above the price, as he was instructed by his employer, but he could not hide altogether a look of surprise as he did so. This cost-mark read 90, whereas he knew the price paid for the hoes at wholesale was but 75 cents.

The look of surprise did not escape Mr. Webster, who readily saw that the youth felt he was doing a dishonest thing. He at once proceeded to set himself right with Dick and explain one of the principles of business.

"A good many people in the country think that the storekeeper should sell to them at cost, and are never satisfied unless they have been beaten down the price at which things are marked."

By the way of emphasizing his remark there entered at this very moment a customer of the kind he mentioned; these men abound in every community from Maine to Texas, and all attempts to convince them that a merchant ought to make a profit on his goods, and does not do business for fun, are doomed to failure. Mr. Webster tried it when he first went into business, but was soon forced to give it up and do as did his competitors.

"Have you any good hoes?" said Sam Bickford, the customer in question, as Mr. Webster stepped before him.

"Got a new lot in this morning," was the reply. "Dick, bring one of the new hoes for Mr. Bickford."

Dick brought the hoe and Bickford examined it as a doctor would inspect a patient with a complicated disease. When it had come triumphantly from his examination he asked the price.

Mr. Webster carefully looked at the mark as though he did not remember what had been written there a few moments before and, after his investigation was complete, answered "one dollar."

This was flatly refused, and then began a period of bargaining in which the price was brought down to 90 cents, which Mr. Webster declared was the actual cost to him of the article. Only on this assurance was the customer willing to pay that figure, which he finally did and went away with his purchase.

You may be sure that Dick was more puzzled than before and impatiently waited his employer's explanation.

As soon as the coast was clear, Mr. Webster continued:

"You heard me tell Mr. Bickford that the actual cost of that hoe was ninety cents?"

"Yes, sir," answered the youth, modestly.

"I know what you thought," he said, with a smile, "and that's why I want you to understand the whole matter.

"Cost in business is not alone the price we pay for the goods at wholesale, but several other things. It includes the rent of the store if I hire it or the interest of its cost if I own it, a fair interest on the money invested in the business, a fair salary for myself and the salaries of my clerks, together with all other incidental expenses connected with running the store. All these things added together and with the price of the goods at wholesale, make up what a business man calls 'cost'. We can sell all our goods to men like Mr. Bickford 'at cost' and make both ends meet every New Year's, but we should not be any further ahead than we were a year before. Anything we get in addition is profit; in the case of the hoe, 90 cents represented its cost and ten cents its profit. In selling at cost we pay expenses but make nothing; when we sell at a profit, we not only make expenses but something more."

Dicks face beamed as he heard this explanation. He did not say anything, but his countenance showed that the employer who had temporarily fallen in his estimation was restored to his old place.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A GIRL WITH THIRTY-NINE LOVERS.

I.

A VESSEL was voyaging over the sea,
And two score of passengers on board had she.
Thirty and nine of the masculine sort,
And a charming young lady the captain brought.
The thirty and nine were all shot through by cupid,
But the charming young lady thought them all rather stupid.

II.

She saw them alone and she saw them together.
How they looked in calm and after bad weather.
There were tall ones and short ones,
Fat, lean, rich and shady,
But all were alike deep in love with the lady.

III.

She could not love them all, so what was to be done?
She consulted the captain, who suggested some fun.
"To-morrow," said he, "if the day should be calm
Just drop in the sea—it shall do you no harm.
And the first one who follows to rescue your life
Will have the first claim to make you his wife."

IV.

The next day was calm, and over she fell,
And thirty-eight passengers followed as well.

One stayed where he was,
For as he could not swim
He knew he'd be drowned, which was "gone goose" for him.

V.

The lady was rescued, and the passengers, too,
And they stood in a row as for a review,
Untwisting before
They now looked like drowned rats,
From the soles of their feet to the crowns of their hats.

* * * * * *

She consulted the captain, whose look was a sly one
"If I were you, miss, I'd favor the dry one."
Which she did.
—[London Graphic.

THE PENSIONER.

I had seen him once before
In the stirring days of yore.
It was when
We were fighting for the slave
And the Union flag to save.
He was then

Very young and very thin,
And the bravest of brave men
In a fray;
But a bullet struck his leg—
It was where that wooden peg
Is to-day.

He's a pensioner just now,
And his bald and wrinkled brow
Says he's old.
His coat is thin and worn,
And thro' places where it's torn
Blows the cold.

What is fame to one like him,
Limping on a wooden limb
And a cane?
In every step he takes,
In every move he makes
There is pain.

Treat him kindly, friend and foe,
For his deeds of long ago,
For his truth.
Let it still remembered be
What he gave to liberty
In his youth.

—[Washington Post.

Guess What Sister Had Said.

Tommy (entering the parlor where his sister and her young man are)—Guess what I've got in my hand, Mr. Sappy?

Mr. Sappy—Why, those are beans.

Tommy (with a triumphant look at his sister)—There, what did I tell you, sis? Imagine Sappy's feelings!—[N. Y. Sun.

Gave Himself Away.

Boarding Mistress (after watching a boarder eat three sausages with great celerity)—You must be an Odd Fellow, sir?

Boarder—You've guessed it; but how did you know?

Mistress—I knew you must be by the familiar way in which you handled those three links.—[Lowell Citizen.

The Teller Who Wouldn't Tell.

Farmer Oatcake (at back window)—I say, kin you tell me—

Mr. Cashmore—Go to the next window if you want any information.

Farmer Oatcake—Thunderation! I'd like to know what you've got that sign "Teller" over yer head for, any way!"—[Puck.

A Little Ambiguous.

Burlington Free Press.

She—You are such a solitary man, Mr Silby! I should think you would get lonesome.

He—Oh, no; I enjoy being by myself.

She (thoughtfully)—I don't see how you can.

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue

by

D R Locke

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MATTER OF FINANCE.

HE county convention was a grand success, viewed from Mr. Mason's standpoint. The men with whom he had formed combinations, from Saxby down, were nominated by large majorities, and the delegates named to the Congressional convention of the Sixth district were to a man favorable to the renomination of Mason for a fourth term. He knew that the delegations from the other counties contained a majority of his adherents, and consequently he dismissed all fears of his not being made the regular nominee of his party. His thoughts then turned to the opposition he was likely to meet with at the polls. He knew he had the soldier element pretty favorably disposed toward himself; the elections of the previous fall had shown a heavy majority in the district for the Republican party; and the only possible danger to be anticipated was from the possible nomination by the Democrats of a man who would be acceptable to the anti-Mason Republicans, and a fusion of the latter with them on the Congressional canvass.

This did not, so far as Mr. Mason could see, appear to be a very great source of anxiety. The end of the war had brought a revulsion of feeling among the moderate element among the Democratic party, and the so-called "Copperheads," who had swayed the party during the dark years of the war, were discredited, because they had persistently taken the ground that the war was a failure, and had stood about in the high places declaiming against "the butcher Lincoln," and deploring the destruction of life and the wasting of treasure in the impossible effort to subdue the South. Now the South was conquered, the Union was intact, and Lincoln slept in his grave. The Copperheads sang exceeding small in these days. The Democratic party was weaker than it had been even during the progress of the war. Mr. Mason took heart of grace, and felt that, unless there was some unexpected development of events, his chances were nearly certain for a walk-over; but he made up his mind that he should not be caught napping, that he would abate not one jot of effort to get a good round majority, so that at the next Presidential campaign he should be in a position to demand some substantial recognition of the new executive.

Dr. Blanchard and Gleason gave him the only really anxious hours he had. He dreaded them, for he did not know what secret line their activity might be pursuing. He felt, when he pondered over their enmity, as did the runaway slaves in old slavery times in the South, when they heard the distant bay of bloodhounds on their trail.

So the days passed on, bringing the Congressional convention nearer. It was to be held in Pulaski, and the date had been fixed later than usual, for a number of reasons. One was that Mason had from the first believed that a short campaign would be better than a long one for himself; for if there were serious opposition, it would give it less time to work among the voters, while a money campaign, such as he would in that case have to enter upon, would be less costly to his pocket the shorter it was. There did not seem to be any effort making to oppose him in the coming convention, for his confidential workers had all looked carefully into it, and were convinced there was no secret coup preparing to be sprung on that body.

Meanwhile Mr. Crefeld was actively engaged in his favorite occupation of money-making. The summer had been a dull one in general business, as the tremendous activity in the manufacture of materials needed by the war had all ceased with the end of the conflict, and the inevitable reaction had set in. Money was scarce, and there were far more borrowers than lenders. The local rate of interest for money went up, of course, under these conditions, and Mr. Crefeld was in clover. He was always happiest when he was able to extort a very high rate of interest from a borrower who could give gilt-edged security, and as a consequence he was in a beatific frame of mind.

When the harvest was over and "threshing-time" come, Mr. Crefeld got ready for his own little harvest. The farmers were rather short of money, and they began to rush their grain to market as rapidly as the threshers could turn it out. The grain men were busy, they needed a great deal of money, and all the banks had as much as they could do to furnish the funds to handle it. In point of fact the grain business required more ready cash than there was in Pulaski. This gave Crefeld the opportunity he craved. The other banks had portunity he craved. The other banks had nothing but their own resources to depend upon, and when they got to the end of them, they would do nothing.

Not so with the bank of Crefeld & Co. When there was a sudden demand for cash, beyond the amount on hand, Crefeld would call upon Mr. Harvey, and obtain the necessary amount out of the county treasury. Some of this money was returned when the loans were paid back; but as the season went on, and the volume of grain handled increased each succeeding day, the ability of the other banks to furnish enough money grew less and less, and the demands from Crefeld upon the treasury increased.

Mr. Harvey was not averse to this use of the money, for he knew it would all come back again, and while it was out it was earning a very handsome profit, most of which would go to his credit at the bank, as his share of the profits. In point of fact, the bank of Crefeld & Co. was a coining money. It had been a profitable institution for several years, and Mr. Harvey, in looking over the business done, came to the comfortable conclusion that, if necessity should arise, he would be able to replace in the county treasury the entire amount of the defalcations, and thus avoid all chances of exposure, ruin, disgrace and punishment.

Full of this idea, the old man went into a thorough examination of the books, much to Crefeld's disquiet. Crefeld was honest—to his partner and backer, at least; but he did not at all like the idea of having Mr. Harvey go through the books and see every transaction—a thing he had never done before. However, there was no help for it, for he had an undoubted right to do so if he chose.

Mr. Harvey settled himself to the task after the bank had closed that afternoon, and he spent some three hours in his inspection. It was a highly gratifying one, on the whole, and pleased him wonderfully. There were some items that he did not understand, however, and he called upon Crefeld for an explanation.

"For instance, Crefeld," he went on, after venting himself in some vigorous expressions, "here is over $30,000 in Mason's notes, without security. Why was this money loaned?"

Crefeld made what explanation he could of the matter. Of course he did not know for what purpose Mason had needed the money, nor did Harvey himself know of his son-in-law having embezzled the bonds and cash put into his hands by old Farmer Dunlap, nor of Gleason's compelling its restitution, with interest. He thought he had full knowledge of Mason's financial transactions of any importance; yet here was a large sum borrowed of the bank, within a few months, of which he had not dreamed, and of whose use he was totally ignorant. It puzzled him greatly. He knew Mason had bought no real estate —in fact, that he had sold some—which we knew went to pay one of the notes to Gleason. And Mr. Harvey recalled that he had no idea what Mason had done with the proceeds of that sale. Was Mason getting ready to fly? This thought flashed across the old man's mind, but he dismissed it at once. Mason owned more than that amount of real estate, which he would not leave behind; besides, why should he run off? Mr. Harvey drew a long breath, as the certainty came to his mind that there was no reason to apprehend Mason's absconding.

But what had he done with this money? Mr. Harvey determined to find out.

The finances of the bank were, however, in excellent shape, and Mr. Harvey began to see his way clear to settling up the deficiency in the treasury. The more he thought about it, the more he felt in favor of the scheme. He left the bank, revolving the matter over in his mind, and also the mysterious sums absorbed by Mason. He speculated on the matter all through supper, and after that meal was over he put on his hat and walked over to Mason's residence.

Mason was in his library, writing letters concerning the Congressional convention, which was to come off three days later. He pushed them aside to welcome his father-in-law.

"Where is Helen?" demanded the old man, after a few minutes had passed in the interchange of remarks about the weather and similar topics.

"She has gone to the Tomkins's. One of their children—little Nellie, her namesake —is sick I believe, and Helen went over to see her."

"That's well," responded Harvey, shortly; "we shall not be interrupted."

"Well, what is it?"

"This deficiency in the county treasury. I am determined now to replace the money. The bank has been very profitable, and I think we can do it without much trouble."

"Mason looked the astonishment he felt. He gazed critically in his respected father-in-law's face for signs of mental or physical disorder, the old quotation,

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,"

Coming up in his mind, but could discern no signs of any ailment. He warmly congratulated Mr. Harvey on the prospect of being able to straighten up his account with the treasury, and asked whether it would involve a winding up of Crefeld's bank?

Neither of the men heard Helen Mason enter the next room, the door of which was ajar. She had returned through the rear part of the house, and the servant had told her of her father's presence. She threw off her bonnet and shawl and went to join him and her husband. She heard a part of her husband's remarks about the treasury, and surprise caused her to stop. Pay back that money! She could not believe her ears.

Her father went on to answer Mason's question. "No, the bank can go on if we can call in some loans that will be needed —that $30 000 odd of yours, for instance."

Mason at once understood the object of the old man's visit. His face did not change, nor did his tone betray him as he answered:

"I can liquidate the notes, of course, but not at once. As soon as I can sell some real estate I shall be able to do so—not before."

"That won't do, Mason," answered the old man, impatiently. "The notes are unsecured, and they cannot be used as collateral, as you know."

Mason remained silent, with a look of courteous attention on his face, as if he were waiting for Harvey to go on.

"Well, man, why don't you speak?" burst out the old man, impatiently, "I've told you the notes were not negotiable as they stand, and that we must have the money!"

"Well?" answered Mason, equably.

"Well!" repeated the old man. "Are you prepared to pay the notes?"

"No."

"Then you must secure them in such a way that we can use them as collateral."

"I will not do that, Mr. Harvey," tranquily replied Mason. "I am not going to have my paper hawked about Pulaski."

"Be d——l you are not!" shouted the old man. "Why is your paper better than that of any business man on the street?"

"Because I am a candidate for Congress, and the change would be at once brought that I raised the money to buy my nomination or my election, or both, as you know very well."

Harvey gave vent to an impatient exclamation. He knew Mason was right, and it angered him still more to be balked.

"Well," he blustered, "you must pay the money, then. We must have the money."

"They shall be paid, of course; but I cannot do so until I sell real estate," Mason replied, coolly.

"Why didn't you sell it at first, instead of making a deal by borrowing of the bank? I know that, between the two notes, you sold a piece at a good figure, and received the cash; what has gone with it? What did you do with this money? You have bought no property, yet you have used up, in some way, nearly $40,000 in cash. Where has it gone?"

"That is a question I am not called upon to answer. It is my own affair, not yours."

Mason's face was as calm as a summer's morning, and this quiet defiance enraged the old man still more. He burst into a storm of wordy abuse, which lasted until he was out of breath, when he wound up by declaring that he would instantly bring suit for the money if Mason did not either pay or secure the notes.

Helen stood just within the doorway, listening. She had heard enough to make her determine to hear all. There was a mystery here that she must fathom.

Mason waited till the old man had finished, and then demanded to know the reason for such extraordinary outbreak. He reminded Harvey that he understood fully that the latter's threats were mere bluster as such a course, which it would probably result in Mason's defeat, would inevitably also ruin the county ticket; the opposition candidates for auditor and treasurer would be elected, and an exposé of the defalcations in the latter office be made, to the ruin of Harvey himself and his sons.

"Now I understand all this, Mr. Harvey, and so do you. I demand to know what mean by your threats. I am not used to such treatment, sir, and I will not endure it, even from my wife's father!"

The old man laughed. "Why, Mason, if I determined to defeat you I could do it, and I defy you to harm me. Even if our men were defeated, I could put back into the treasury the money, and the new men could find nothing to show a misappropriation of funds. The book-keeping is all right—I have seen to that, all these years! So you need not think you hold a rod over my head, for you do not. I haven't felt so free in years as I do to-day, now that I know I can settle in full with the county!"

"And so, having slipped your neck out of the noose," retorted Mason, "you propose to crush me, to whom you sold your daughter for the money to make good your first defalcation!"

Helen started at this, but controlled herself instantly, and stood like a statue, eagerly listening.

"And you were quite ready to purchase, too," retorted the old man. "You got my note for the money, and I paid it. You were eager enough to get Helen, and, with her, my influence to push your political aspirations!"

"And it was altogether a poor bargain on my side—a very dear one, indeed! However, there is no need of quarreling about that matter. I suppose that your real object is to know what I did with the money?"

"Yes, it is," responded the old man, plainly. "In business, I distrust every one. You influenced that old fool of a Crefeld to advance it by some means—he could hardly tell how. The fact is, Mason, I have acted hastily to-night. It is nonsense for us to quarrel; but finding you engaged in a transaction of such magnitude without my knowledge angered me; if you had the power to get that much out of Crefeld, you could have wrecked the bank, even, if you had been so minded. Then the lifting of the burden of the treasury off my shoulders fairly made me dizzy. I suspect, Mason, we have both acted like fools; now let us come down to business."

Mason reflected over the matter, and determined to tell the facts. If Harvey were able to get out of his snarl in the treasury, he might be very useful to him. So he told him of the money entrusted to him by Farmer Dunlap, of his use of it, a part being loaned to Harvey himself to conceal his defalcation; and then he added:

"The receipt I had given to Mr. Dunlap was lost to some way, and I secretly hoped the money till Gleason happened to come across it. The interest had amounted to a large sum, and the money about which you are so curious was to pay both principal and interest. All is paid off, and the two notes in the bank have only to be met to ensure me to be clear of the whole matter."

Harvey listened with the greatest attention. "Hum! Queer that papers can be so mislaid," he commented, with a sharp glance at Mason's impassive face. "Well, that's all right, settle up as soon as you can, Mason; I don't want to be hard on you, of course."

The shame that Helen had felt for years over her father's defalcation—the thing that had prompted her to sacrifice her love for Dr. Blanchard and marry Caleb Mason—had been a burden to her. She had often reproached herself, in the earlier years of her married life, that she could not love her husband, prompted thereto by a vague feeling that he was an innocent and injured party. Now that he himself was a self-confessed embezzler, a thief, what little feeling of loyalty to him she yet retained took flight forever. She crept away from her hiding-place noiselessly, and to her bed, where she lay and counted the slow hours as they passed, her mind busy with the wretched recollections of the past. She had always believed Mason honest in money matters; his political trickery she had counted as a necessity in the life of any public man, and it did not affect her. But now to find that he was also a criminal! It was too much!

The next day was a busy one for Caleb Mason. The Congressional convention met on the next day but one, and he surveyed the field, reviewed his forces, and was glad to find that everything promised well. The only fact that developed in the matter was that the anti-Mason faction—and they were but a half-dozen delegates, all told—had determined to vote for a Col. Patterson, a soldier with an excellent record, belonging to another county, and that Dr. Blanchard and Gleason were busy, endeavoring to get as many votes for him as possible.

Mr. Mason smiled grimly at the news. It rather relieved him. If they had settled on a fight in the convention, there would be no danger of their attempting to run Col. Patterson as an independent candidate. And if the fight were between the Republican and Democratic parties at the polls, he had now little fear that he would be able to carry the district handsomely.

As he passed along the street he remarked the large number of farmers' wagons, all loaded with wheat, passing along, and also thought occurred to him that his friend Parker must be very busy these days, and that he certainly should be glad that he did not have to divide his attention with politics. "It was much better for him to let Saxby have the nomination," he thought; "much better for himself—and for me also!"

The demands of the grain men for money were unprecedented. The banks were overcrowded, and Mr. Crefeld rejoiced. By 11 o'clock he had borrowed $10,000 from the treasury to satisfy the extraordinary demands of the borrowing grain dealers, and shortly after dinner he had to send a note asking for $10,000 more.

"See here, Crefeld!" exclaimed Mr. Harvey, as he entered the private room of the bank with the money, "You must be careful with the money. You must be careful."

"Why, man, you have $105,000 of our money here, including this! How soon can we have some of it back?"

"Fadder Abraham, don't worry!" grinned Crefeld. "We are making money as fast as a mint! There will be $80,000 here day

grily, if I had you outside that there—hic—chicken-coop, I'd—hic—smash your nose for you!" I want——"

Here the clock pointed to 3 p. m., the hour for closing, and the clerk, glad to be rid of a drunken customer, slammed down the window, and turned away.

Hyde was the only customer in the bank, and he went out cursing the clerk roundly. He turned toward Parker's, but met a friend who boisterously asked him to go and have a drink.

Hyde did so, and forgetting all about Parker, and the check, spent a half-hour drinking at his friend's expense. Then he got on his wagon and started homeward.

He had gotten only a mile out of town, when he came up with two farmers, also homeward bound with their teams, who had stopped at a cross-road to chat. The matter of the check occurred to Hyde, and he stopped to tell them the astounding news that Crefeld's bank had refused to cash his check till the next day, even while admitting that Parker had money there; and he added that he had always thought "that d—d hook-nosed Crefeld was a thief, and now he knew it."

After talking the amazing news over, the two farmers parted, and each told it to every acquaintance he met. Hyde did the same, and by 9 o'clock that night the whole eastern half of the county was wild over the news of the utter failure of Crefeld's bank—the original story, as told by Hyde, having grown as fast as Jonah's gourd in the telling.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PROPER THINGS IN MEN'S WEAR.

Fancy vests are in favor.

Golden tan is a favorite glove color.

Oxidized silver jewelry is very much worn.

Solid fast black hose, with fancy toes and heels, are favorites.

Spear points are displacing stitching and embroidery in men's gloves.

Riding crop, cane and umbrella handles are now selling best in silver finishes.

The puff scarf, particularly the Malvern shape, is sure to be much of a success this season.

Links continue to grow in favor, and jewelers are exerting themselves in new ideas and finishes.

New tecks shown for fall are of the pleated variety. This comes from the influence of the pleated puff.

Full dress vests are of black, cream and white silks.

White neckwear promises to be fashionable throughout the season.

The standing collar, turnover fronts, with space, is the correct style.

Large English puff scarfs, in light weight silks, are in active demand.

Underwear is the only article of attire in which stripes are not prime favorites.

Silk vest chains, in white, white and black, brown, and brown and white are among the novelties.

In printed linen handkerchiefs small neat spots have replaced the heavy color effects so plentiful last season.

The newest shades of London scarfings are in peculiarly rich tones of gray, denominated smoke, slate and elephant.

The new four-in-hands will beat the record in size. Two and a half and three inches are the correct proportions, with the latter in the lead.

Pearl-colored gloves, with self-back-stitching of medium width, continue in popular favor as the correct handwear for evening dress.

The inclination to knee-breeches, capepoats, etc., shows how the rising generation long to get back to the clothes that their great-grand daddies wore.

The correct cut for trousers is 19½ inches at the knee, 18¾ at the bottom, straight and without creases.

Large plaids, checks and stripes, as well as combination effects, are shown in smoking jackets. All jackets of this description are now corded, instead of being bound with braid.

The number of dress coats is amazingly on the increase if the great sales for white linen ties, for evening wear, is any index. Western cities rapidly coming into dress coats; and, moreover, the ready-made dress coat, to be bought at the clothing stores, is having its influence.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

ALL ABOUT M'GINTY.

A Little Girl and Her Fond Papa.

"Papa, who's McGinty?"

She is but 4 years of age and exceedingly inquisitive. She will not take "I don't know, dear," for an answer; she wants satisfaction of some sort. In a moment of abstraction her papa had watched the lines about the unfortunate McGinty's descent into the coal hole. She had heard it; hence the question.

"McGinty was a man who fell into a coal hole in the sidewalk, dear."

"Didn't he see the hole?"

"No, he was loaded."

"Was the coal on him?"

"Yes, he had a jag, dear."

"What is a jag, papa?"

"A sort of a bale, pet."

"Did Mr. McGinty get out of the hole?"

"It took his friends some time to dig him out."

"Why did he wear his best suit of clothes? It couldn't have been Sunday, because the man was delivering coal."

"I guess his best suit was his worst one, too, darling." But the little one's papa humored another chorus.

"I thought you said he went to the bottom of the hole?"

"I did, little one."

"Well, just now you said he went to the bottom of the sea."

"He went there, too, dear."

"To wash the coal off of his best suit of clothes?"

"Yes, desperately.

"Haven't they found him yet, papa?"

"I hope not," savagely.

"His clothes won't be worth much when they do find him."

"I should think not."

"Did he have any little girls like me?"

"Shou-dn't wonder."

"Then why should he fall in the sea?"

"Maybe they drove him to it, by asking questions."

"Oh!"—[Chicago Herald.

FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. E. CRANE, Mitchell, Dak., says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and, at the same time allays the fear of impending dissolution, that is so common to heavy drinkers."

Spurring Him On.

"George," she said, as she lay quivering in his tightly clasped arms, "what was that noise I heard?"

"Nothing of importance, Gladys darling," he answered. "A slight rip in my coat, that was all." And then as the sound of two beating hearts slowly filled the room and floated out through the back door, she murmured softly, "George, dear, you couldn't make that coat rip a little more, could you?"—[Clothier and Furnisher.

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

The Miseries of Rank.

Haughty Baron—Waiter, what have you got to eat?

Waiter—Baron, I can recommend half a roast duck.

Haughty Baron—Half a duck! No, I thank you. How do I know who eat the other half? It might be some vile publican.—[Texas Siftings.

Had the Best of Them.

A bankrupt banker has just made out his schedule of assets.

"What will you say when you meet your creditors?" asked a friend.

"O, I shan't meet them; they travel on foot, while I always take a cab."—[Judge.

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Suit for False Pretenses May Result.

First Jeweler—Are you the party that advertised an opportunity to invest $150 in a safe transaction?

Second Jeweler—Yes; I'll sell you my old safe for that amount.—[Jeweler's Weekly.

—Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Hall's Hair Renewer, the best preparation out to cure them. Try it.

PLAGIARISM OF GREAT AUTHORS.

A writer is not necessarily a plagiarist when he expresses the same ideas as others have uttered before him. "There is no new thing under the sun," said Solomon 28 centuries ago; so we need not be surprised when we find any of our cherished "original" ideas to be as old as the hills. And many a reader digests the thoughts and expressions of his favorite authors so thoroughly as to reproduce them unconsciously. This is certainly not a bad form of plagiarism.

Here are a few examples of parallel passages, taken at random. This list might be enlarged *ad lib tum*:—

1. (a.) Enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no living man be justified.
—Psalms cxliii. 2.

(b) Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. —Matthew vi. 12.

(c) In the court of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
—Shakespeare ("Merch. of Venice").

(d) That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.
—Pope.

2. (a) Men are but children of a larger growth.
—Dryden.

(b) The child is father of the man.
—Wordsworth.

3. (a) Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er the tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
—Gray.

(b) When a Prince to the fate of a Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With escutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.
—Scott.

4. (a) Coelum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
—Horace.

(b) Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.
—Goldsmith.

5. (a) I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
—Milton ("Par. Lost.")

(b) Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
—Pope ("Essay on Man.")

6. (a) Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast?
Can I bring him back again?
—2 Sam. xii. 23.

(b) What's gone, and what's past hope,
Should be past grief.
—Shakespeare.

(c) So farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
—Milton.

7. (a) Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
—Shakespeare.

(b) Oh, what a noble heart was here undone!
—Byron.

8. (a) O fortunatos ninium, sua si bona norint!
—Virgil.

(b) Oh, happiness! How far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee.
—Mrs. Hemans.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Poetry by weight: "Dear sir, kindly send me by post one pound of Goethe's 'Faust.'"—[Figaro.

Legende Blatter.

I will not look upon the wine when it is glowing red,
So may my evening hat sit loose upon my morning head.
—*Reading (Pa.) Times.*

Doubt as to whether the genuine article has been consigned by European shippers or only a spurious "leetle" kicheoyou is expressed.—[Washington Star.

A possibility: Briggs—"Are you going to hang up your stocking for Christmas?" Griggs—"I don't know. It may have to hang up a whole suit."—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A man aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying that he had seen a ghost in the shape of a donkey. "Oh, let me sleep!" the irate dame rejoined, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."—[Texas Siftings.

Effect of politics: "My dearest Laura, what is the matter? Here you are bathed in tears and only four weeks after your wedding." "Oh, Clara, my husband is candidate for mayor, and I have just found out by this morning's paper that he is a paragon of all the vices."—[Pflegende Blatter.

Oh, the light that lies in a maiden's eyes,
And the gleam of her gold so yellow!
More than Cupid's dart will touch the heart,
Of the most unsuscepible fellow.
—[Yale Record.

A worthy deacon in a Vermont country town was discovered by his pastor one Sunday morning sawing an armful of wood for the kitchen stove. The surprise of the discovery caused the deacon to drop his saw in consternation. "I—didn't suppose you'd see me, parson!" he faltered. "Ah," replied the good man, severely, "you must remember, deacon, that there is One higher than I, who sees every evil not you commit." "Yes, parson," assented the deacon; "but then He doesn't make such an awful fuss about it!"—[Burlington Free Press.

What wrought the change? This woman's face
Is ruddy with a rose's grace.
Her eye is bright,
Her heart is light.
Ah, truly 'tis a goodly sight.
A few brief months ago her cheek
Was pallid and her step was weak.
"The end is near
For her, I fear,"
Sighed many a friend who held her dear.

I can tell you what wrought the change in her. She was told by a friend, who, like her, had suffered untold misery from a complication of female troubles, that Dr. Pierce's favorite Prescription would certainly cure her. This friend "knew whereof she spoke," for she had been cured by the remedy she advised her friend to use. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and tells her friends that Dr. Pierce deserves the universal gratitude of woman-kind for having given it this infallible remedy for its peculiar ailments. It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

A CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A bottle of the mist of ages.
A smile of the Cove of Cork.
A drop from the tide of years.
A rung of the ladder of Fame.
A chip from the post of honor.
A shroud of the Phantom ship.
A plank from the ship of state.
A ray of the light of other days.
A nail from the finger of scorn.
A tooth from the jaws of death.
A scar from the Bight of Benin.
Some dust from the road to ruin.
A shaving from fancy's airy beam.
Some earth from the field of fancy.
Some cement for the crack of doom.
A spoke from the wheel of Fortune.
A needle for the thread of discourse.
A motto for the chapter of accidents.
A note from the music of the spheres.
A view from the top of the morning.
An autograph of the daughter of Faith.
Some hair from the head of a discourse.
Some mud from the Slough of Despond.
A lock of hair from the Headless Horseman.
A shoe made on the Last of the Mohicans.
Thread used in making the traces of sorrow.
Some snow gathered in the winter of our discontent.
A mathematical problem performed by figures of speech.
A true lover's knot tied with the equinoctial fine by the hands of Fate.

A good view of the above curiosities may be obtained by climbing the height of the ridiculous, and on payment of a coin made from a golden cloud or its silver lining.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

THE ROASTED PIG.

It Disappeared, and an Ancient Rooster Graced the Mess-Pan Instead.

AN AMUSING incident occurred some time in the fall of 1863, at Morefield, W. Va. Sergeant S. W. Shipman was sent out on picket post, with three men—myself, L. D. Cutright and David Smith—all members of Co. I, 3d W. Va. Cav. In the after part of the day our gallant sergeant captured a secesh pig about one month old. We dressed the pig and roasted it. Oh, my! but it looked tempting; but our sergeant told us that we must not eat Mr. Pig until the next morning. About dark a negro came to the post and told us that Capt. McNeal, one of the secesh "home guards," was coming out to our post that night to capture us.

Our sergeant, always ready for fun, moved us back about two or three hundred yards, so as to get back of the road that McNeal would come in on.

All went out on picket except one. His duty was to watch the horses and look after our roasted pig.

After staying out on picket some time I began to get sleepy. The sergeant sent me back to our reserve post, with orders to send out the man we had left to guard the pig, and for me to take his place. In a few moments I was sound asleep, having first made a pillow of some sheaf oats on which to rest my head, and having placed our pig close to me. How long I slept I never knew; but the first thing I became conscious of was the squealing of hogs, the swearing of Sergeant Shipman, and the groaning of L. D. Cutright.

As soon as I could collect my thoughts I took in the situation. While I slept the hogs had found our pig, and, after eating it, had rolled me off the oats sheaves and were helping themselves to the oats.

Oh, Lord! just to think what we had lost was enough to make any soldier swear, and I didn't blame L. D. Cutright for the terrible oaths he uttered. Cutright swore that if one chicken remained in Morefield he would have it for breakfast. Shortly after we got quieted down we heard a chicken crow over in Morefield, and Cutright started after him. In about 30 minutes he returned with a rooster that looked like he was old enough for the service, Well, we soon had him ready for roasting; but we had to keep him before a good fire for a long time before we could eat him. Just before daylight the rebs came in on the road, as we expected, and made a dash for the place where we had been stationed during the day. Imagine their surprise when, instead of finding us on the post, we came thundering down the road in their rear, shouting and slashing right in among them. If L. D. Cutright or Sergeant Shipman read this, I hope they will reply.

It seems that so far, only two comrades have responded to the call for those who wore the "red neckie." Was it Pa's 3d brigade; let us hear from you.—G. W. S., Co. I, 3d W. Va., Cav. Tallmansville, W. Va.

SHE WAS BRAVE,

And the Little Game of Bluff Didn't Work Worth a Cent.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—One of the comrades recently told about stealing a haversack. The comrade's inference of stealing is misleading, and calculated to throw us soldiers in bad repute. Stealing was not known in military tactics. We foraged, appropriated or confiscated, as the case might be; but to suppose that the soldiers ever stole is absurd. To be a successful forager sometimes required a great deal of skill and some bravery. Lack of the latter is all that ever defeated me in a single case of confiscation. When Magruder evacuated the Peninsula, in 1862, while on the march, near Yorktown, our first lieutenant, a comrade and myself organized a foraging party. Our modus operandi was to pretend that we wanted to buy, and as neither of us had a cent of money to pay, the price asked would be extortionate, and the lieutenant would order us to confiscate a pig. We put the shoulder straps to back us, we started on our tour of inspection, and were successful in finding a farm house just as the sun had reached the meridian.

Three children and one woman were the sole occupants of the house. The lady's husband was in the Confederate army. She had not heard from him for two months, and for aught she knew, one of us three might have slain her husband, as he was in Lee's army. She had plenty of milk and a fine corn-pone, such as only Southern ladies could bake. The lieutenant commenced negotiations for our dinners, but was politely informed that she did not cook for Yankee soldiers. The lieutenant, after various offers to pay, and being as often refused, ordered the other comrade and I to confiscate the viands. I started for the corn-pone, remarking that it was against my principle, but it was the order of my superior, and had always obeyed. As I stooped down to get the pone an ominous click attracted my attention. I had heard it too often to be mistaken. The brave little woman had whipped from out the bosom of her dress a wicked-looking revolver, declaring she would kill the first Yankee that took her bread. Did I take the corn-pone? Well, I should smile I didn't!

I had, on different occasions, helped to resist the furious onslaughts of Longstreet's and Stonewall Jackson's Veteran Corps, and looked in the yawning mouths of the heavy ordnance of Forts Wagner, Hill and Gregg; but in all the service that I went through, I honestly confess that the little woman gave me the worst scare that I ever experienced.—H. T. LUCAS, Yates Phalanx, 39th Ill. V. V., Le Roy, Ills.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Not a Quartermaster at Libby Prison—Cheering the Reb.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—My attention was called recently to a brief notice in the news items of an Eastern paper of the death of Captain Jackson Warner, November 16, at his home near Centralia, Ill., aged 75 years. The item also stated that he was a quartermaster at Libby prison, Richmond, during the war.

Jackson Warner was my brother, and, as a Unionist, first, last and all the time, I wish to correct some erroneous statements that have been published concerning him from time to time. He was not "quartermaster at Richmond during the war," nor did he hold any position of trust under the confederacy for any considerable length of time. He held a captain's commission and was commissary of prisons at Richmond for a brief period only. His uniform kindness to the prisoners at Libby, so far as was in his power, excited the jealously and suspicion of rebels worse than himself. He was put under arrest, and narrowly escaped their vengeance. It cost him a $1,500 fee to Gen. Humphrey Marshall, who was then in Richmond, to help him out of his dilemma. But he was never afterward entrusted with any military duties under the confederacy.

Jack was undoubtedly true to the principles he had espoused. His long residence and associations in Mississippi, to which state he went when a youth, had converted him into a thorough disciple of Calhoun. Calhoun, when alive, was the political god he swore by; but he found no reason in this for starving, or in any way being cruel to those under his charge. If he had but a dollar, and knew not where he was to get another, he would divide it with the first hungry mendicant that approached him. It is not exactly to his credit to say that he was forever unjust to himself; hence he often was prevented from being just to those who had claims upon him. Congressman Ely, of the Rochester district, New York, who was captured at the first Bull Run battle, was in Libby, and after his release published an account of his experience in that prison and spoke in high and complimentary terms of Capt. Warner. This I have from verbal information only, as I never read Mr. Ely's narrative. But I have conclusive proof, which I wish to present, that Libby was not, in its first days at least, the scene of that extreme cruelty and starvation for which it has so generally had the credit in the North. After the capture of Richmond by the Union forces Jackson was put under arrest and underwent an examination or trial on a charge of cruelty to Union prisoners. I have before me a copy of the report made in that case, taken from the original, and which I have kept for 20 years. Here it is:

REPORT IN THE CASE OF J. WARNER.

LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, Va., April 21, 1865.—J. Warner, formerly the Commissary of Prisons in Richmond, charged with cruelty to our prisoners. Great pains have been taken to find the facts in this case. All the evidence goes to show that instead of being cruel he was kind to our prisoners, so much so that he was finally forced to leave the rebel army on that account. On one occasion he was cheered by a steamer load of Union prisoners, going North for exchange, upon their leaving the dock. He has already taken the oath of allegiance, and I would recommend that he be released. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. M. SCHOONMAKER, Captain.

A true copy. ALBERT ORDWAY, Lt. Col. 24th Mass. Vol. Infty., commanding city prisons.

On the back of this report was endorsed the following:

LIBBY PRISON—RICHMOND, VA., MAY 2, 1865—Capt. Warner was released April 29, 1865, by order of Brig. Gen. M. R. Patrick, Provost Marshal General, Dept. of Virginia. ALBERT ORDWAY, Lieut. Col., 24th Mass. V. I., Comm'g City Prisoners.

No comment is needed on the above report. It proves conclusively that Capt. Warner was not guilty of any malfeasance beyond the one fact of being a rebel against the government.

A year or two subsequent to the war he visited me and a younger brother at our home in the city of Berlin, Wis. During that visit he referred to the incident of the cheers given him by the Union soldiers. He had furnished them with full and good rations to last them until they got within their own lines, and had been superintending the work of getting these rations on board the boat. He stood on the dock as the boat cast off her lines, and a crowd of "secesh" stood back of him looking at the "Yanks" take their departure. Just then a Union soldier on the upper deck swung his cap and called out, "three cheers for the fat commissary!" and they were given with a hearty will. The word "fat" was in allusion to his bulk, as he weighed at that time from 250 to 300 pounds. That cheer, probably, fired the train that run him out of the rebel ranks as a soldier.

I am not apologizing for Jack's identifying himself with the Southern cause. At the time of his visit to me he said if I had lived in the South I would have done just as he did. My reply was that I had tried the South to some extent in my young days, and finding that I could not hold what was there considered a decent social position without sacrificing cherished principles, I preferred to retain the principles and eat the bread of honest toil in the North. He received many insults, rebuffs and undeserved abuse in Ohio, Wisconsin and other places long after peace was established. His case is one out of many that can be cited, to show that it will not do to magnify into monsters of cruelty all who were engaged in an unholy cause. I am glad to believe that that sentiment is rapidly passing away, and that THE BLADE Camp Fire is helping on the good work. It is true that as the war progressed the sufferings of the Union boys who were held in southern prison pens increased to a degree terrible beyond description. The worst elements of southern society were placed in positions of trust, where kindness and humanity were most needed. Hence, the hatred and bitter feeling engendered in the breasts of our returned soldiers against Libby and all connected with it, was not to be wondered at.

Jackson Warner was born at Ft. Harmar, now Harmar City, Washington county, O., April 3, 1815. The spring of that year was known for many years as "the spring of the great flood." The water rose to within eleven inches of the chamber floor of the house in which his father lived. His mother climbed out of a window into a canoe, and was taken to the house of William Skinner, where Jack was born the same night. Mr. Skinner gave him the surname of the hero of New Orleans, the father declining to have the name Andrew prefixed to it. Jackson's only heritage from his father was poverty, and the example of the wreck and ruin intemperance can work upon a naturally strong physical and mental nature. His life from birth to death was full of singular and romantic incidents. He married the daughter of a Mississippi planter—a worthy and true woman, deserving better fate than the toil and anxiety she often had to endure.—E. WARNER, Oregon City, Ore.

ONE ATROCITY

Among the Many that Were Perpetrated Against Loyal Men in the South.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Many of the Northern comrades, I presume, do not fully comprehend what it required to constitute a loyal man in the Sunny South in the unpleasant days of yore. Comrades, the loyal men down here were threatened with ignominious death by hanging, shooting, or in more fiendish manner, if they attempted to escape to the land of the free. In some cases they were massacred by the cavalry, and in other instances blood-hounds were put upon their track. If they were captured, they were invariably hung or shot.

I will cite one instance of outrageous cruelty which occurred in this county. It occurred while Forrest's cavalry was raiding through this section of the state—the Ninth district.

Rev. Mr. Carter and his son were captured by the rebel cavalrymen, though no charge could be made against the prisoners except that of loyalty. The father and son were marched to a secluded and thickly wooded spot near the main road. With a rope they bound the elder Carter to a tree, and then shot him in the presence of his son. After dispatching the minister, the son, who was a young man of about 20 years, was seized, his arms pinioned, and he was thrown upon the ground.

One of the dastardly villians took from young Carter's pocket a knife and proceeded to cut the young man's eyes from the sockets. The inhuman butcher was a young rebel, whose mother resided in the vicinity where the deed was committed. The young rebel demon carried the eyes he had removed from the loyal young Carter home to his mother and threw them into her lap, telling her to whom they had belonged, and what he had done. And she answered:

"That's right, my boy; serve all the Lincolnites you can just that way!"

Comrades, this is only one instance of many the writer could mention, which history will establish as facts.—D. H. MURPHY, Cleveland, Tenn.

EDUCATION A SAFEGUARD.

Schoolhouses As An Index of Loyalty—A Joyous Demonstration.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—An incident that happened after Johnston's surrender to Sherman, and when our army was marching from Raleigh, N. C., via Richmond, Va., to Washington, has frequently come vividly to my mind, convincing me of the importance of education to the masses as a safeguard against treason and disloyalty. Wherever we found country school houses we found a good portion of the citizens loyal to the old flag. Signs of loyalty were very rare in the rebellious states. Those of you who were in the United States army, fighting to restore the proper respect of the people to that old flag, remember how it cheered our hearts and filled us with enthusiasm at the least sign of appreciation from the citizens.

We that followed Sherman traveled thousands of miles without seeing a single country school-house until a short distance north from Raleigh. Our regiment, then being the advance of the 14th corps, turning on a bend in the road beheld a sight which made each one of us cheer as we beheld what we had not seen for years. A short distance in front was a small opening in the pine woods, where stood an old log school-house, just behind a few feet, stood a pole 30 or 40 feet high, from the top of which floated "old glory." How we cheered! It looked grand to us.

Quite a congregation had gathered there, male and female, young and old, to greet Sherman's army with joyous demonstrations, denoting their appreciation of our efforts in their deliverance from disloyalty.

Our brigade, commanded by Col. Gleason, stacked arms and mingled with the people for a while, shaking hands and congratulating each other upon the success of our army and the prospect of peace. Some of the citizens related a part of their sad experiences during the war, in their own neighborhood, between loyalty and disloyalty, and how dearly they paid for their devotion to the old flag!

One incident I remember: An aged man related in my hearing that he was in possession of the flag that was then floating at the top of the pole. His disloyal neighbors knew he had such a thing, and wished, of course, to destroy it. They made frequent searches and demands for it without success. The old gentlemen said he had it hidden in his straw bed for more than four years, and that day, with full heart and moist eyes, he beheld it proudly floating to the breeze, where no traitor's hand dare molest. I was a young single man at that time, and the sight of so many pretty girls rather startled me; but after my nerves became settled a little I circulated among them, and tried to engage some of them in conversation; but they were quite shy and showed signs as though they would prefer to look at me from a distance. I will admit that my society appearance was not the best—face bronzed and covered with sweat and dust, and shoulders covered with leather straps, etc. If this article should meet the eyes of any of those people, I would be pleased to hear from them, either by letter or through the Camp Fire.—DAVID M. KINGERY, Co. E, 87th Ind. Inft., Metea, Ind.

THE COPPER ROLLINGMILL.

Its Explosion and the Retreat—Another Comrade's Version.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I read Comrade John Trunk's letter in the Camp Fire, December 12, and was well pleased to hear from old Tennessee, especially through one of the old army comrades. His version of the blowing up of the copper rollingmill at Cleveland, Tenn., is somewhat wrong, I think. When the armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee were concentrated at Chattanooga, under Gen. Grant, the 2d Cav. division, under Gen. Gerard, was camped across the river opposite the city. Col. Eli Long was ordered to take his brigade, or a portion of it, and cross on Chickamauga bridge, held by Sherman's men, and by flanking the right of Bragg's army, get in his rear and cut his communications. As Hooker's men went up old Lookout, under the clouds, we started, crossed the Chickamauga on another pontoon, then went on the gallop until we passed the right of the rebel army.

At a railroad station, I think it was Chickamauga, we captured some straggling from a rebel brigade that had just left there, and some caissons belonging to heavy artillery, which we destroyed. A little ways out from the station we went into camp, laying on our arms. Some scamp set a building on fire close by, which filuminated our camp for awhile; but no harm came of it. We captured four loads of corn intended for Bragg's headquarter teams, with which we fed our horses well. Before daylight next morning we started Cleveland by hand, in pursuit of a wagon train, which was passing from Cleveland to Ringgold, Ga. We captured and burned the train, capturing a good many horses, mules, and prisoners. We then went to Cleveland and camped for the night. Next morning we went to Calhoun, on the Hiawatha river, to burn the railroad bridge, but it was guarded by some Vicksburg paroled men. They made our call very unpleasant for us.

We went back to Cleveland to await their attack. That night they surrounded us; but Col. Long was not asleep. He had the rolling mill well saturated with oil and a match ready, so when the attack should come we would not leave the rolling mill in rebel hands. The rebs attacked us about 5 o'clock in the morning. We were soon in line of fight. My company was close to the rolling mill, on the left. The mill was set on fire just as the rebs were coming for us, and soon there commenced a booming, the like of which was not very often heard, even in that country. The reins continued not to come in just then; so that gave us a chance to retreat out on a road toward the Tennessee river, which was to have been guarded by a brigade of cavalry; but we failed to see anything of the cavalry except their tracks. There were 1,100 of us, rank and file, of the 1st and 3d Ohio cavalry, but I do not know whether there were any other commands or not. This movement took place on November 24, 25, 26 and 27, 1863; the mill being blown upon the date last named.

Comrade Trunk, don't let this correction discourage you, but let us hear from you often; and I should like to hear from any that were on that raid, especially 3d Ohio men.—MARTIN V. B. CULVER, Co. B, 3d O. V. Cav., Dawn, Mo.

ON SHORT RATIONS.

Strawberry Plains and Richmond—A Wrecked Train.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In last week's BLADE I read a short sketch from Frank B. Fulton, of Co. M, 2d O. H. A., about the march from Strawberry Plains to Beans Station and return. I recollect all the incidents of that trip, as I was a member of Co. I, same regiment. We camped in the cedar brush north of the railroad on Christmas day, 1864, though we failed to see any strawberries, or plains, either. Our company was sent from there to Knoxville, the last day of December, that year, when we went into our winter quarters, a short distance west of the asylum hospital. Our company subsisted on mighty short rations for six or eight weeks, about that time; and it was not considered wicked to "catch on" to anything edible that was laying round loose. It was only a short time after we went to Knoxville that we were sent to Athens, Tenn., to prevent the rebs from taking that place; but our train was wrecked twenty miles below Knoxville, so we did not get through. We lost Lieut. Smith and three privates killed in the wreck. If any member of Co. I should read this, I hope he will heave a "chip" onto the fire.—CHARLTON MORROW, 702 Cherokee street, Leavenworth, Kan.

HE WENT ALONG,

But He Preferred Surrendering to a White Man Rather than to a Darkey.

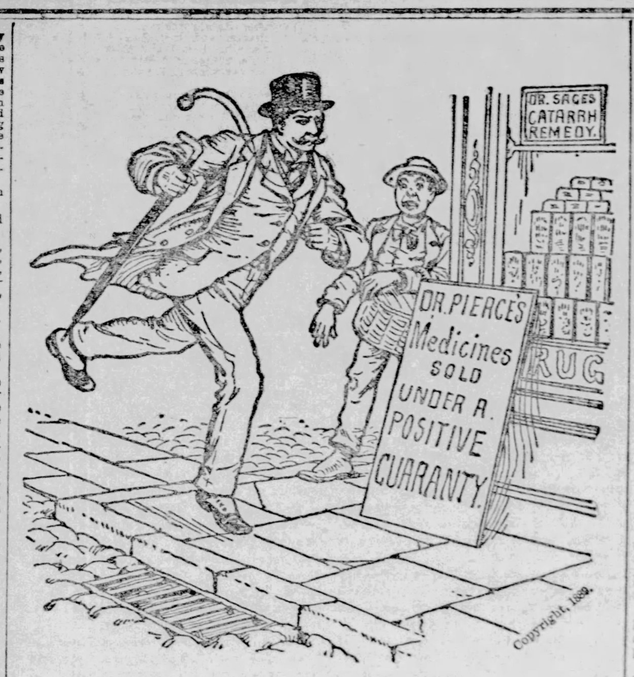
EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In December, 1864, we were at Nashville, Tenn. Old man Hood and his tramps came around there, peeping at us rather ugly like. They wanted a racket. Gen. Thomas issued orders to be ready for action at 4 o'clock on the morning of December 15. The "boys in blue" issued to Hood and his suffering humanity rations, consisting of powder, lead, and some casings which Uncle Sam supplied them with. About 3 o'clock the rebels concluded to leave, and started off in a hurry—all except about 700 that we sent to Nashville to board at Uncle Sam's hotel. We followed the retreating rebels through Franklin and Columbus.

Before we got to Duck river, after we we had camped one night, one of the colored infantry boys, who was strolling around, espied a confederate hiding in a tree. The soldier invited the reb to come down from the tree and go to camp; but the reb refused, telling the darkey to go and get a white man for him to surrender to. The darkey said he could take the reb as well as a white man, and aiming his gun at the confederate, said that he would leave him there. The reb said:

"For God's sake, don't shoot! My father told me if I surrendered to a nigger he would disinherit me."

However, the reb accepted the darkey's invitation and went to camp.—C. Q. WADDELL, Bat. I, 2d Mo. Lt. Art., Phoenix, Missouri.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD,

in the direction of the nearest drug-store, is not too fast for a person to make who is troubled with any of the myriad forms of disease resulting from a torpid or deranged liver and its attendant impure blood, and is, therefore, in need of that world-famed and *only guaranteed* blood-purifier and liver invigorator known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Every form of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Disease, Eczema, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Tetter, scaly, crusty, itching, burning and tormenting forms of skin disease, are cured by this wonderful remedy as if by magic. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of benefit or cure, or money refunded. All Scrofulous affections, as Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, Old Sores and Ulcers, yield to its wonderful curative properties. It promptly conquers Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is a concentrated vegetable fluid extract. Dose small and pleasant to taste. Contains no alcohol, don't inebriate or manufacture topers; is free from syrup or sugar, and, therefore, don't sour or ferment in the stomach, interfering with digestion; as peculiar in its wonderful curative effects as in its composition. There is no other medicine at all like it, either in composition or effect. Therefore, don't be fooled into accepting something instead, said to be "just as good." If substitutes are "just as good," why don't their vendors *guarantee* them to do what they are recommended to, or refund money paid for them, as we do with all who buy "Golden Medical Discovery?" For the very good reason that such a plan of sale would bankrupt the manufacturers of any but an extraordinary remedy like the "Discovery." To purify the blood, invigorate the liver, promote digestion, and build up both flesh and strength, it is unequaled, whether for adults or children. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

The confederates pulled the horse off from me, and I was taken to a confederate hospital. When I was able to be moved I was sent to a rebel prison, the Pemberton building, Richmond, where I remained seven months, when I was exchanged and sent through the confederate lines.—J. S. BURTON, Bushville, Ky.

* * *

THE OLD FOURTH CORPS.—I enlisted in Co. C, 89th Ills. Inft., at the age of 18, and tramped with the old 4th corps through mud and mire until I earned the honor (?) which many of the old boys wear so proudly; namely, poverty. But there is always something to cheer us along the weary route. The stories of the Camp Fire, though they bring to our minds bitter recollections, still they send a thrill of pleasure to our hearts, kindling afresh the fires of youth and patriotism, and making us feel that we are "boys" once more. Comrades of Wallick's old brigade, where are you? Speak out, that we may know that you are still on guard. Let us together climb the rugged sides of Mission Ridge, where every man was his own commander, and bent on planting the dear old flag where the emblem of treason was so defiantly and proudly waving.—GEORGE M. HOOD, Sterling, Kans.

* * *

A large number of recruits have joined the "Circle" in the past two weeks; hence a number of letters are held in reserve. They will be published in due time.

John Bridges, of Dexter, Mo., a soldier's son, says that his father was a member of Co. K, 60th Ills. Vols., and served four years. He also wishes to know how many of the comrades will answer the "roll" that writes to the Camp Fire.

A. J. Ragsdale, Marionville, Mo.: Doubtless the present Congress will enact the requisite legislation to "reduce the surplus" in favor of the old veterans.

William M. Tingle, Scottville, Mich.: Write to Frank Bower, Marion, Kans., or to C. W. Desh, Wellston, Ohio.

Mollie E. Woomer, Franklinville, Pa., is a soldier's daughter, who writes that she loves to read THE BLADE, and especially the Camp Fire. Her father is an invalid, but receives a pension. She neglects to state in what company and regiment her father served.

BURDETTE ON RELIGION.

He Has a Stock of the Natural Article on Hand.

A friend named Blake, living in Chicago, has sent me a letter on "Natural Religion." It is a good

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Advantages of Boards of Trade.

N. A. B., Eaton Rapids, Mich., says there is much discussion there among the farmers regarding the advantages of Boards of Trade, and wants a succinct summary of the arguments in their favor. Here is what is said by a leading member of the Toledo Board of Trade:

Boards of Trades are a great benefit to the farmer. Through their influence, information regarding foreign and home crops, the receipts, export demand, and in fact, everything as gathered and promptly disseminated through the press, so that the farmers can intelligently decide when it would be to their advantage to dispose of their surplus.

Many farmers are compelled to sell soon after harvest; others do as a matter of course. In late years over half of the wheat crop has been marketed during the first three months after harvest. It is bought by the country dealers, millers, exporters and speculators, providing a demand which carries the stocks until they are wanted for consumption. This demand would be restricted to a very small amount if there were no board of trades, where they can protect themselves any day by selling for future delivery.

The average country dealer does not now take over three cents per bushel margin in buying as he can now sell the same day he buys, while years ago, before there was trading in futures, he would take ten and twenty cents per bushel to cover the chances of the market. There might be a temporary spurt in the market, as there was last fall, but the country buyer would not feel the advance in his prices to the farmer unless he was able to sell for future delivery at the advanced price. Country roads might be bad and prevent the farmer from taking advantage of the spurt, but by selling ahead and delaying the da e of delivery he secures the advanced price. Speculators are now paying a premium on futures sufficient to pay the cost of carrying, and this enables the country dealer and farmer to put the means to carry the grain at home and secure the premium of four or five cents which exists on the May wheat.

The rush of wheat soon after harvest causing a rapid increase in the visible stocks would give a vantage of the spirit

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1890.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 125,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

WE WILL PASTE.

As we announced last week, there is an overwhelming majority of our subscribers prefer to have THE BLADE pasted, instead of unpasted, and we shall continue to do so. We append a couple of characteristic postal cards:

I have taken THE BLADE for nearly twenty years, and on opening this week's paper I was inclined to "swear" you several times before I noticed your article about the pasting. Now, I would like to say to those who do not want their paper pasted, that very little effort will tear it into as many parts as they want, while it will take some time for those who wish them pasted to paste it. I, for one, would not want your paper if not pasted.

F. L.

The following card closes with a suggestion in which we, of course, heartily concur:

I got THE BLADE this morning, and quickly saw that it was not pasted, and turned to the editorial page to see if there were anything said about it. I will say in answer to your request that I prefer the paper *pasted*, and pasted *straight*, and if two persons wish to read the paper at once, I suggest that each subscribe.

D. W. S.

VOLUME 58, NOT 53.

In our notice of the beginning of a new volume of THE BLADE, the writer, in a moment of "aberration of intellect," spoke of the close of "52d volume" and the opening of its "53d year." We should have written close of the 57th volume, and opening of the 58th—as THE BLADE was founded in 1836.

ONCE in a while a Southern Democratic editor has a gleam of justice and common sense on the election question. The Charleston, S. C., *World*, Democratic, in a recent article, denounces the election law of that state as infamous, though it was drafted by Democrats. It says that the law requires the managers of an election, on the demand of the voter, to read to the latter the names on the ballot boxes to indicate where he shall deposit his ticket. It charges that the managers deceive the illiterate colored voter by reading the names wrong'y or by willfully misdirecting his vote. It declares, that the law "is the most ingeniously drafted instrument for politically disfranchising the colored voters that was ever invented."

THE Brazilian elections for members of a constitutional convention will be held on September 15 next, and that body will meet on November 15. It will frame a constitution for the new republic, and determine the relative rights and powers of the states and of the federal government. The present temporary government will hold until the constitution to be framed is adopted, and elections held under it. The period of transition is too long. The elections should have been ordered as soon as practicable, and the convention would have met by the opening of the new year.

THE Prohibition enactment of North Dakota, to put into effect the Prohibitory clause of the state constitution, is a long bill, and one of the most rigorous on record. The penalty for a first offence is a fine of from $200 to $1,000 and imprisonment for from 90 days to one year. The second and each succeeding offence is treated as a felony, with punishment by imprisonment in the state prison for from one to two years. All places where liquor is sold are declared common nuisances, and the sheriff's are empowered to abate them.

THE Blair bill is not by any means so unitedly opposed in the South as its Northern enemies would like to believe. The South Carolina legislature, just before adjournment, rejected a resolution instructing the Congressmen from that state to oppose the bill. The incident should afford a fair idea of South Carolina Democratic opinion on the measure, for the legislature is overwhelmingly Democratic, containing only three or four Republican representatives.

WILL the demagogic free trade papers which are worrying over the sugar duty, and abusing the Republicans because they do not instantly take the tariff off that article, have the consistency to remind their readers that a heavy reduction of the sugar duty was supported by the Republicans in the last Congress, and opposed by the Democrats; and that the Mills bill carefully kept up the duty on that product?

SO IT seems that the revolution in Brazil was not bloodless, nor is there that unanimity of feeling at first reported, and which every American hoped to be true. The early days of the new republic will be somewhat stormy, but we have an abiding faith that the people will be competent to rule themselves without calling in a monarch to take the task off their hands.

THE monarchies of Europe seem anxious to pick a quarrel with Brazil. They would like a sufficient pretext to check the wave of republicanism, lest their own thrones shall be in danger.

THE Montana muddle has reached the courts, and we may expect a solution thereof within a reasonable time.

A CURE FOR POVERTY.

There is a paper published in New York city, called the *Wine and Spirit Review*, which is devoted to the wholesale trade in Rum. It therefore cannot be accused of hostility to the saloon interest; yet in a recent issue, speaking of the habit of beer drinking among the poor of the great city, it says:

It makes sots of the women of the lower grades of life. The beer pitcher is kept going from morning until night, and the result is an alarming increase of intemperance. No one knows this better than our saloon keepers, and it is especially gratifying and a hopeful sign of improvement in the retail trade that there are men among our saloon keepers who have the courage to acknowledge this openly.

The New York *Tribune* reproduces the above and in commenting on the closing sentence, says; "But if there is a saloon-keeper who refuses to sell beer to women and children, we have not heard his name." It might have well added, for the information of readers not familiar with New York city, that in the sections inhabited by the poorer classes the corner saloons invariably have, on the side street, a door with the sign "Family Entrance," which is used exclusively for this class of customers—women and children with pitchers or tin buckets for beer, or bottles for whisky. The side-door custom is a large portion of their patronage; and corner rooms bring very high rents, as they are the only ones, as a rule, that are available for this purpose.

This state of things exists in every large city, especially those with a large foreign-born population. The men drink at night, as they can not do so while at their daily toil; the women drink, and the children are brought up to drink. What manner of men and women will they become, brought up from the cradle to drink whenever there is money enough to compass the price of a pitcher of beer?

It is an undeniable fact that the poorer classes of our cities are infected with socialistic, communistic or anarchistic ideas. They look upon the "rich" as their enemies—and with them this word is applied not only to those of wealth, but to every well-to-do man, who has accumulated any property, no matter if nothing but his residence. They assume that he who has anything laid by for a rainy day has robbed the "poor"—and by this they mean themselves—of what is rightfully theirs.

There is a close connection between these two things—the steady drinking and the socialist propaganda. The fact has not escaped the reader who followed attentively the newspaper accounts of the Haymarket riots in Chicago that the anarchist meetings were invariably in halls over beer saloons, and that the leaders were always to be found in the saloons themselves. The same is true of the loud-mouthed agitators in New York and other cities. The beer saloon is the hot-bed of socialism. There, over their potations of beer, these socialists preach the doctrine that the only way to remedy poverty is to rob every one who possesses property and distribute it among the poor. Did any one ever here of a total abstainer being a disciple of anarchism?

The plain fact of the matter is that the real cause of the poverty among the working classes of our cities is—Rum. How can a man save anything when he spends all the money he can spare for beer or whisky—when his wife drinks beer all day long, when his children are taught to drink, when he spends his evenings in some foul saloon, drinking also? There is only one other factor of importance in keeping men in object poverty, and it is idleness. And laziness and beer-guzzling go together. The lazy man is generally a drinking man, and the drinking man, as he degrades himself, very generally becomes a lazy man. In fact, it can hardly be doubted that much the laziness is nearly always to be laid at the door of Rum—which makes the latter the sole important factor in producing poverty.

There is a homely old proverb which says that "One cannot eat his cake and have it too," yet that is exactly what these shriekers over the poverty of the poor and the oppressions of the rich ask to have done. No man can lay by a competence for his old age unless he practices the virtue of frugality; these men want to spend every cent, and yet have the earnings of their sober brethren divided among themselves. Take New York or Chicago, and suppose it possible to have the full money value of all the property within their limits—both real estate and personal property, of every kind—divided equally among the inhabitants; how long would this equality of wealth last? Not a day. Within twenty-four hours the saloons and the resorts of infamy would have the bulk of the dividend of this thriftless, improvident class, whose members live only to gratify their selfish appetites and passions. It would take but a marvelously short time until the inequality as to possessions would be as marked as it is now. The condition of the drinking class would be every whit as bad as it is now. What next? Another division, we suppose—with the same result, of course.

The men who are the leaders in these wild movements against industry, against sobriety, against accumulation, against wealth, know that their theories are moonshine, impossible of realization; and they know full well, if they know anything, that the poverty of the masses is self-inflicted, and attributable directly to Rum. If these men would not drink, but would work steadily and live economically—for though their lives now are wretched, they are wildly extravagant in spending their earnings for Rum—and lay by the sums they now spend in self-indulgence, they would soon have the beginnings of a moderate competence.

Rum is at the bottom of this social discontent the world over. The men who are the loudest-mouthed preachers of socialism and allied crankery in Germany, are beer-guzzlers, and the sottish crowds who hilariously applaud them spend their last kreuzers for beer and curse the rich as they swill it down. The same thing is true of England, of Belgium, of Switzerland, of Russia, and of Austria and France to a degree. And what is true of their cities is becoming true of ours. Rum is the *primum mobile* of the crazy socialistic movements; it is directly responsible for their growth, for were it not for Rum the class of thriftless, drunken, dissatisfied, poverty-stricken people who become enamored of them would have no existence. They would be decent, hard-working men.

In proportion as Rum-drinking increases poverty spreads. And it is not honest but unfortunate poverty; it is a dissolute, lazy poverty, that viciously proposes to steal the savings of energetic, hard-working men in order to get money to spend for more Rum without having to labor for it. h ere have arisen within the past few years a number of would-be prophets, with moonshine theories for abolishing poverty and making everybody happy. Their theories are unworkable because the drunken masses, who are rapidly becoming a menace to property and government, are not material for an ideal community.

But there is one thing that can be done to abolish poverty, that is perfectly feasible, and which is the shortest practical route to that desirable end; it is, to abolish Rum, the cause of poverty. Destroy the cause and prevent the result. The time is coming rapidly when the nations will have to take some steps toward curing the discontent of the "lower classes," toward modifying their thriftlessness and idleness, and making them sober and industrious; and the one step they will then be compelled to take will be to stop utterly the making and selling of Rum. The surest cure for poverty is to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SOUTHERN SECTIONALISM.

Speaking of CHANDLER'S bill for federal control of congressional and other federal elections, the Atlanta *Constitution* says:

To say that the motives of those sectionalists are narrow and unpatriotic is to say very little. To say that this latest Republican movement is strictly in keeping with the history of the party since the war, is simply to call attention to the fact that selfishness and hate belong by long usage to the party that is led by such men as Quay, Dorsey, Dudley, and others of that kidney.

It is not a very difficult matter for one who is familiar with the drift of things to distrust such men. The selfishness that coolly proposes to attack a large section of the country by stirring up strife between the races cannot be said to bear any relation to patriotism, and the motives that impel such an unnecessary and irritating crusade are not of a character to invite examination and investigation.

The *Constitution* evades the real points at issue. If there ever was a project of a broad national nature, as opposed to sectionalism, it is the proposition that, as the constitution makes no distinction of color among its citizens, the people of no state shall be allowed to make such a distinction, nor deny to any class of citizens the rights secured by constitutional guarantee. The nullification of these guarantees by the people of certain localities in the South is the narrowest, most bigoted sectionalism.

Further than this, the people of any state who eliminate the negro vote are guilty of gross injustice to every other state wherein this is not done. They disfranchise the negro, and yet demand that he shall be counted in the apportionment of Congressmen, thus swelling their state's power in legislation, and in the choice of a President. The negro's legal rights are used to give the state more power, yet denied to him personally.

The people of the South should be more honest, more fair, than this. If they hold the negro vote to be such a menace, let them take steps to withhold it by proper legislation, through an educational or property qualification, or both—something which will not violate the prohibition of legislation upon the basis of color or race, contained in the Fifteenth Amendment—and accept the reduction of the basis of representation stipulated in the Fourteenth Amendment. That is an honest, open course, perfectly feasible, and which will disarm much Northern opposition to the present status.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

From the words of approbation given to Col. Knox's charming story by many of our subscribers, in letters renewing their subscriptions for the coming year, we are assured that we made no mistake in publishing "Teetotaller Dick." Everybody likes it, and everybody is reading it—the boys and girls with as much interest as the adult members of the family circle. We are glad of this; it is infinitely preferable to much of the trash that our children peruse, as it will do them good, instead of harm.

"Joshua" ends with the present week's issue, and we will have the space it has hitherto occupied to devote to the "News of the Week." We shall give a synopsis of the daily doings of Congress, and pay especial attention to the elaboration of the tariff bill. In this week's issue the presentation of the claims of the iron men before the Ways and Means committee should be read by every one, that the matter may be followed intelligently. We shall soon publish the full text of the Blair educational bill, and discuss it. We will do the same with the silver question, and other matters of national interest coming before our federal law-makers.

THAT is a rather interesting estimate of Mr. ROBERT GIFFEN, the English statistician, that the accumulated wealth of Great Britain amounts to £10,000,000,000, or fifty billion dollars, or an average of £270 ($1,350) for each person—man, woman or child—in the kingdom. If the total amount should be apportioned according to the wealth of the three divisions of England would receive £308 each, those in Scotland £243 and in Ireland £93. Mr. GIFFEN makes Great Britain the richest *per capita* of any nation in the world. France coming second with £190 for each person, and the United States third, with £160 for each inhabitant. The comparatively small individual showing of the United States is accounted for by its rapid increase in population. Its total wealth is growing at a marvelous rate, but the steady influx of poor immigrants keeps the *per capita* average low. But notwithstanding that, we have far less abject poverty and wretchedness among the poorer classes than has Great Britain. Our accumulated wealth is much more equally divided than theirs, because of the higher wages-rate prevailing here, due to the protective system.

THE weak spot in our criminal courts is in the jury-box. There is a vast deal of maudlin sentimentality among men who mistake their prejudice for their opinions, and who will violate their oaths before they will yield their chuckle-headed sensitiveness against finding a man guilty, no matter how strong the evidence, when the criminal is charged with an offense punishable by death. Such an one was the man CULVER, of the Cronin jury. He is a fair illustration of a narrow-minded, half-educated person, with an egotism that is simply appalling. It is men of his stamp who turn criminal trials into farces, and directly abet crime by refusing to mete out the legal penalty to the criminal. From all that has been printed of CULVER'S conduct, it seems probable he does not possess the ability to think and to form an unprejudiced opinion, and the worst of the matter is, there are thousands of people like him all over the country. If the laws for the protection of human life are to be abrogated through men of his kidney, than either the jury system should be abolished, or we should return to the rude code of procedure under Judge LYNCH, and be done with it.

WE call attention to the remark of the London, England, *Iron and Steel Trades Journal* that "for the first time in the history of the American iron trade, their markets seem quite independent of ours." Not only is this true, but our production of pig iron this year promises to be as large as the British output, although so short a time ago as 1883 we were about 3,000,000 tons short of the British product. These are figures which the free trade papers do not circulate to any considerable extent, because they show clearly the progress our industries are making in competition with those of free trade Great Britain.

THE twelfth annual estimate of the tomato packing of the United States during the season of 1889, made by the *American Grocer*, results in a total of 2,976,765 cases of two dozen cans each, a shortage as compared with the season of 1888 of 366,372 cases, or a reduction of nearly 11 per cent. The deficiency is attributed to the unusual amount of rain which fell on the Atlantic seaboard during the summer, and particularly to the heavy storms in September. Had it not been for an extension of the industry and a good season in the Western and Southwestern states and on the Pacific coast, the supply would have been unusually light.

INVENTOR EDISON has set an example that is worthy of imitation. He found it impossible to attend the annual convention of the National Electric Light association at Kansas City, February 11 to 14, and rather than disappoint the electricians who had been promised an address, will talk into a phonograph and send the roll to the convention. As EDISON says, "There will be no gestures, but the tone will be perfect."

FEDERAL ELECTION CONTROL.

There have already been two measures introduced in Congress to secure fair elections of Representatives in Congress and of the Presidents—one by Senator SHERMAN and one by Senator CHANDLER. That of Mr. SHERMAN proposes to take these elections everywhere out of the hands of the states and to put them under national control. That of Senator CHANDLER would leave them under state control except in those districts where there is reason to anticipate fraud. This he would test by requiring a formal declaration from a sufficient number of voters that they have reason to expect unfairness. It is possible to go farther than this without going so far as Senator SHERMAN does. Wherever, as in Virginia and South Carolina, the preparation of the registration lists of voters, the supervision of the elections or the counting of the votes is kept in the hands of the party which controls the state government, the national authorities should not wait for any complaint from voters. Arrangements of this kind in the election laws of any state constitute a strong presumption that there is not to be a fair election. In all such cases the registration of voters, the supervision of the elections, and the counting of votes should be placed in the hands of *bona fide* representatives of both parties appointed by the United States courts, the nominees of the political committees being appointed when there is no reason for rejecting them.

There will be, of course, a bitter fight over whichever proposition may be elaborated by the Senate committee into a bill. The placing of these elections under federal control will be urged as though this were all that is needed to secure the freedman in his civil and political rights. But in truth it is only a first step to that end. The race question in the South is much larger and more complicated than this of fair elections to national offices, and the Republican party will not have accomplished its mission until it has solved it. Its temptation, now, as in Reconstruction times, is to regard the question too much from the point of view of party advantage in national politics. It is a broad question, and needs the most consummate statesmanship, to solve it without trenching on the reserved rights of the states.

IT ought to make some of the slow-going conservatives in the United States wake up to the results of our national progress, to read what is said of us by people abroad. The London *Spectator*, a political and literary review of the highest class, in a discussion of the Berlin conference, expressed the following opinion of us:

The United States is becoming the greatest nation of the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, while she could, if she pleased, ruin the commerce of any nation on the globe. Apart altogether from her existing resources, the growth in the strength of the union affects the imagination of the European states. There are children alive who will see, or at all events may see, the North American republic with a population of 200,000,000, and the means of raising £300,000,000 a year; and the idea of incurring the enmity of such a power is appalling. America could be met only by a confederation of Europe, which, without some great change of circumstance, is impossible, or possible only if Europe felt it too dangerous to put upon it the enormous power it was receiving. The Union already stands toward the Spanish and Portuguese-American states in the relation in which she may one day stand toward Europe itself. Her foreign office already claims something like a protectorate over both Americas.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

BOB INGERSOLL was caught napping when he declared, in a late magazine article, that the Declaration of Independence was "a renunciation of the Diety," because the closing paragraph expresses "a firm reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence." What BOB should have said was that the constitution was a renunciation by the government of meddling with any man's religious views or lack of them. He would have taken incontestable ground had he said it, but it would not have been so picturesque as the false assertion he really did make.

THE immigration to this country for the past eleven months foots up 407,237, against 498,591 in the corresponding eleven months of 1888. France sent us the most immigrants, viz., 92,027; Scotland, 59,178; Germany, 59,600; Russia, except Poland, 41,226; Poland, 31,614; Ireland, 27,610. The most phenomenal thing about our complex civilization is its ability to assimilate the vast army of different peoples and nationalities that adds itself to our heterogeneous population every year.

OF Senator CALL'S proposition to have the government open negotiations with Spain, looking to the purchase of Cuba, it may be said that it has irritated Spain needlessly, without arousing the slightest enthusiasm in this country. Slavery being swept out of existence, the animus of the old anti-bellum agitation looking to this end is gone, and nobody in particular seems to think Cuba a desirable acquisition.

A DECISION of some importance to the Singer Sewing Machine company was rendered at Chicago the other day. It was, that since the old patents in the Singer machine expired, any one can manufacture machines after the patterns used by the Singer company, may also call them "Singer" machines, and the word "Singer" is not held to be a legal trade-mark.

STICK a pin here: From January 1 to December 1, 1889, our exports of breadstuffs, provisions, cotton and mineral oils amounted to $480,177,500, or $82,571,546 more than during the same period of 1888. All of which shows that when the people of other nations want to buy, they buy of whoever has to sell the things they need.

THERE is a heavy demand for $1 and $2 silver certificates. They are so much more convenient than the bulky silver dollar that the people are well content to let the latter rest in the Treasury vaults and use its paper representative in business.

KING MALIETOA is again on the Samoan throne, amid the rejoicings of the people. It is safe to say if BAYARD were in the Secretary of State's office, MALIETOA would be still in exile, and our interests in Samoa in abeyance.

FRENCH experts are now examining plans for a bridge across the English Channel. Before such a stupendous piece of engineering as this, the Eiffel tower, the Pyramids themselves, are but children's toys.

THE 3,000 men employed in the Scranton steel rail mills are to have their wages increased from the new year, but the free trade papers never mention the fact.

EVERYBODY is sorry to hear of EMIN Pasha's relapse, and the civilized world joins in the hope that it may not balk the hope of his speedy recovery.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

MCKINLEY'S bill to reform the execution of the tariff laws, now before the House, is one that should be passed without party lines being drawn therein. Both Republicans and Democrats admit the need of the reform, and a measure for that purpose would have passed the last Congress had not MILLS, the then Democratic leader on the floor, stupidly refused to allow the measure to be incorporated in a separate bill, he insisting that this should be a part of the general tariff bill known as the "Mills bill," and evidently hoping that Republicans would vote for a free trade measure in order to remedy shortcomings in the execution of the tariff laws. Of course they did not, as any sensible man might have known.

THERE can be no permanence to a tariff schedule, because the conditions of production and of trade are constantly changing, and hence the schedules need careful revision at intervals. But there can be a settlement of the tariff policy of the nation, and the election of 1888 should have been accepted as the verdict of the people in favor of the protective system. The free traders, though, refuse to accept the dictum, and will have to be knocked out again at the Congressional elections of 1890 and probably again at both the Congressional and Presidential contests of 1892, before they will subside, and let the people have a rest on this question.

MARRIAGE is growing unpopular in England. Last year was the first in recent times in which, while the price of wheat fell, the marriage rate remained stationary. The decline in the popularity of matrimony is greatest with those who have already had some experience of wedded life. Between 1876 and 1888 the marriage rate fell 12 per cent for bachelors and spinsters, 27 per cent for widowers, 31 per cent for widows. The drop in the remarriage of widows, however, is probably due to the glutting of the marriage market with surplus spinsters. The excess of women over men in England and Wales is estimated at 765,000.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No. 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

THE Milwaukee *Wisconsin* has the following excellent little object-lesson on the tariff, which is so plain that even a boy can understand it:

Five years ago a first-class pair of steel nickel-plated skates, with the necessary clamps to fasten them to the boot or shoe, cost $15. To-day precisely the same article and with an equal finish and completeness can be obtained for $4. Three years ago a second grade of steel nickel-plated skates cost $4. The same article can be purchased to-day for $1.50, thus enabling a boy with a light purse to obtain an excellent pair of skates. The decline of 70 per cent in five years, and of 60 per cent in three years, shows just how protection cheapens the prices.

WHO is there in the South who can take the place of HENRY GRADY? Wrong as he was on the question of equal political rights, he was right on every other question pertaining to the advancement of the South, and there is no one who can fill the place his death leaves vacant.

THE Presidential campaign of 1888 caused the Democratic masses to indulge largely in the purchase of bandana handkerchiefs. Now comes the Russian la grippe, to enable these articles to be put to good use. There must be a moral in this somewhere for somebody.

ALL hail the festive quinine pill. The London correspondent of the New York *Times* says that the American colony in Paris is passing about unscathed through the present epidemic, owing to the use of these little malaria-destroying pellets.

THE boom in the iron trade continues, and another advance is looked for in January. The flourishing state of this industry is a favorable indication of good trade conditions, as the iron market is the barometer of business.

THE Boston Democrats admit that the Australian ballot was the cause of their defeat at the recent municipal election there, and are growling at CLEVELAND for his championship of that much-needed reform.

THE word "reform" is getting to be a stench in the nostrils of honest men. It is a favorite word with demagogues, and is used to cover up political jobs and swindles of every kind.

NEW YORK is suffering from "the grip." It attacked that city's pocketbooks long ago, when the hat was passed around for the erection of the proposed Grant monument.

AT the rate things are progressing in the Dark Continent, we shall have a general European war to see which nation shall have the lion's share of Africa.

FOREIGN CAPITAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

We are in receipt of the following letter from a subscriber in Erie county, Pennsylvania, disagreeing with certain views, expressed in a recent issue, on the drift of English capital seeking investment to the United States:

In your weekly issue of December 19 I find an article written in defense of the investment of English capital in the United States. The defense is made on the ground of the alleged fact "that there are some people who look upon those investments with some degree of disfavor." Now, I frankly admit that I belong to that class, and while I do not profess to have sufficient knowledge to enter into an intelligent discussion of the subject, I am sufficiently interested to ask for more light, holding myself—as I think every fair-minded man should—open to conviction, on the presentation of the appropriate evidence. As I read it, the article fails to furnish such evidence.

In the first place, there is no reference to the possible effect of the introduction of foreign capital upon the money market. It proceeds on the supposition that the mere employment of labor is the only thing to be taken into account in the consideration of the pecuniary interests of the people. It makes no reference to the use of money, save as the investment of capital furnishes the means for the employment of workmen; yet statistics show that there are millions of money in the possession of the people, upon the profitable use of which they are as dependent as upon the results of labor. This money is not—as some to think—exclusively in the possession of a very few wealthy men, but a large portion of it is distributed among tens of thousands of people who are in limited circumstances—among them are men and women who, through years of patient toil and rigid economy, have managed to save little sums for loan or investment—some are aged and infirm—some are widows—and not a few are orphan children who, as the result of a life of toil and hardship, or as the scant patrimony from deceased parents, have come into possession of a few dollars, and these sums, however small, often constitute the chief—sometimes the only source of living open to these dependent ones.

Hence, if the money market be interfered with; if there be such an inflow of foreign capital as to lower the rate of interest and destroy the hope of profitable investment, the result must be disastrous.

Such being the case, it is not strange that some people look with some degree of disfavor on the introduction of English capital by syndicates worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Unless American capital is wholly inadequate to supply the demands of the business department, or the possibilities of American trade and enterprise are infinite, the time must come when these disastrous results will be manifest.

Again, the article places no limit on the investment of capital, and takes for granted the inadequacy of American capital to supply the demands of investment. Is the statement is made that English capital invested in American establishments either simply lets loose an equivalent amount of American capital, which can be put into other enterprises, or it is used to enlarge or extend business. All very good, but no reference is made to any possibility of overstocking the market, and the consequent breaking down of the very enterprises we are so anxious to uphold; yet the history of past failures and the universal tendency for the multitude to rush into any profitable enterprise till it is broken down, assures us not only of a possibility, but of a probability that such results will follow unlimited investment of capital.

In order to a healthy condition of business, the capital invested and the labor employed should only be such as may be necessary that the supply of products may be equal to the demands of the market. Beyond this it is not wise to go.

Manufactories run simply to fill warehouses with products that must be sacrificed in an overcrowded market, and the employment of two men where only one can be paid a reasonable compensation is not desirable. Hence, placing a proper limit upon the investment of capital, the question arises, Is not American capital abundantly adequate to every reasonable demand?

We are disposed to think that a careful investigation of the financial condition of the country at the present time will sustain an affirmative answer to this question.

Our daily papers are constantly supplied with advertisements of money to loan—millions are seeking profitable investments—the banks offer a premium for the use of money, many, indeed, refuse to pay anything, saying that they can get all the money they can use simply for the keeping. This seems to be the condition of things in many of the eastern states, where we constantly hear the millions of American capital that is locked up in government bonds which if necessary might be released and put into actual business, thereby freeing the government from a great debt, we cannot feel that we are in any great need of English money.

In such a state of things, it is poor consolation to be told that the introduction of foreign capital will furnish employment to laboring men, when the proportion of profits that falls to the investor is to be taken out of the country. It is this that constitutes the real source of wealth—that makes the Vanderbilts, Carnegies, Goulds and Flaglers, unless we are content to occupy the position of "wage-workers" under British task-masters, we must seek to supply American business and enterprise with American capital, and this keeps the profits at home.

The point we had most in mind in writing the article to which our correspondent excepts, was that the English capital came here as a coadjutor, so to speak, of American capital; the English syndicates do not buy elevators, breweries, etc., outright, but simply enough of the stock to give a controlling interest—a fraction less than half still remaining in American hands, and the management of business details continuing in the charge of those who now have it. There seems to be an ill-defined idea among the people that the English investors were coming over personally to drive Americans out of business.

The American capital thus set free is now at liberty to seek other investments, in the same or in different lines of activity. Despite the arguments of our correspondent, we think this an excellent thing, nor do we see the slightest danger to be apprehended from a congestion of the money market. As for a lowering of the rate of interest, we think this an advantage to the people at large. The era of great profits, in manufacturing especially, and also in commerce, is fast going by. Money has also been gradually cheapening, and while it is cheap in the East, it is still scarce and dear in the West. As our Pennsylvania correspondent is aware, THE BLADE has a heavy circulation all over the West, and the invariable tenor of the letters we receive from our subscribers there shows that development is crippled for lack of money, and by too high rates of interest. There is no legitimate business, in these new sections of our commonwealth, that can afford to pay 8 and 10 per cent for money; and we hear of it being loaned as high as 12 per cent.

Our friend will note that the bulk of English investments have been in the West. If, as we hope, the American capital thus liberated seeks new fields further westward, great benefits will accrue to that section, especially to the farmers. The prices of farm products have ranged so low for five years past that farmers have had a hard time of it. They need a diversity of industries; and nothing is so profitable as the raising of small fruits, vegetables, etc., for home markets. In a purely agricultural community this cannot be done. The towns and villages must be made busy hives of industry by the erection of manufacturing plants of every kind. These communities benefit the farmers for miles around each, and they will then grow the more profitable crops for those markets at their doors, leaving the raising of grain to those further away.

This is a benefit to the latter, for there is overproduction of cereals in the United States. So long as the world is growing more grain than it eats each year, so long must prices be down to bed-rock. No legislative enactment can give the slightest relief. Again, cheaper money will enable farmers who need to borrow capital to improve their farms and buy improved machinery, so that the cost of tillage and harvesting will be lessened, to borrow at rates of interest that will allow them to do so, without running dire risk of financial ruin.

As to overstocking the market, while there is some danger of that, yet competition stimulates the adoption of improved methods of manufacture or production, saving time or labor, or both, and thus permanently cheapening products to the masses. THE BLADE advocates all measures that will inure to the benefit of the whole people, in the long run; and while there are real disadvantages of having foreign capital come here, taking its profits across the sea in place of leaving them here, yet there are great advantages to the people here from the increase of capital, and we think they more than counterbalance the disadvantages. It is better to do our manufacturing here, and have the wages go to American citizens, than to adopt a free trade policy and have Europe do our manufacturing for us.

READ THIS!

A Scriptural Serial of the Days of Our Savior,

To be Commenced in the Weekly Blade on Jan. 16, by

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

The Famed Author of "Gates Ajar" and Other Works.

A Story That Culminates with the Raising of Lazarus.

We are sure that the simple announcement of a serial story by the famous author of "The Gates Ajar," of which book over 100,000 copies have been sold, is enough to convince our half-million readers that they will have, in it alone, a feature worth more than the subscription price of THE BLADE for the entire year.

The stories which are of the greatest interest to the masses are those dealing with great moral or religious questions. The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben Hur," "Robert Elsmere," and others, is proof positive on this point. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS'S grand success in "The Gates Ajar" is an assurance that this new story will be well worth perusal. It is called

"COME FORTH!"

It is a story of Judea during the lifetime of our Savior, and culminates with the miracle of the raising of LAZARUS—its title being the words of CHRIST on that occasion.

The Sunday school children all over the world will commence the study of the life CHRIST in the International Sunday school lessons of January. This serial will be helpful in the greatest degree to them, for it will give them a vivid idea of the daily life of the people among whom the Savior lived and moved during the days of His earthly ministry. It will bring Him and His disciples nearer to its readers, in giving them a fuller idea of the manners and customs of the people of the Holy Land.

Don't fail to renew your subscription so as to read this splendid Scriptural story.

THE RUSSIAN "GRIPPE."

Every one who has a cold in the head at once proclaims that he has LA Grippe. This, because all the descriptions of the Russian epidemic show that the symptoms are those of ordinary influenza. In a few cities in this country the disease has undoubtedly appeared, but in the most of the places where it is said to be prevalent we doubt if a single case is present. The unseasonable weather of the past few weeks has been sufficient to give persons colds because they have been imprudent. The temperature has been almost too mild for an overcoat or warm wrap, and yet there has been a dampness in the atmosphere that ought to have been guarded against. Colds contracted from a disregard of warm clothing naturally assume the catarrhal form, and cause annoyance and discomfort, although they are not dangerous if properly attended to.

Then again, the present temperature has been favorable for the development of malaria, and many persons are afflicted with that to a greater or less extent. This is more serious, because it is more difficult to overcome. The malarial poison clings to its victim with great tenacity and sometimes resists for a long time the most vigorous treatment.

There are a few practical suggestions that all may adopt with benefit, such as these: Cover your chest, breathe through your nose, and don't go gaping about with open mouth; cool off before you go from a hot office or dwelling to the street, and don' go with your overcoat flying open. Beware of draughts, and be constantly on the watch for these daggers of the atmosphere. Dismiss worry, eat well, but don't overload the stomach, and you may brave this weather and laugh at la grippe. An ounce of this sort of prevention is worth a pound of quinine.

THEY ARE PLEASED.

Every one who receives the Blade tea set, or the chamber set, as a premium, is highly pleased. Here are a few out of the many expressions of opinion:

DOVER, Dec. 23.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived on the 18th in good order, not a piece broken. My wife is very much pleased with the style and finish. I can say the set is all your description claims for it. With many thanks, yours truly, C. F. THOMPSON.

OCEAN CITY, N. J., Dec. 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—The chamber set arrived last Saturday all right. Wife is much pleased with it. We are now awaiting the arrival of the scales and the tea set. Yours, C. MYERS.

WELLINGTON, KAN., Dec. 26.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came to hand yesterday in good condition, not a piece broken; and we are much pleased with it. Respectfully, etc.,

STACY B. DOUGHAS.

THE state Supreme court of New York declared the charters of the various corporations forming the Sugar trust forfeited, because

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXXVI.

WAR SONGS ASKED FOR.

The following, of which we have no copies, are asked for by BLADE readers.

Quite a number of requests have been made for songs which have already been published in "Old War Songs," and which it is impossible for us to print again. This is the last call for songs; we must complete the series with those we have on hand, and those in this list, if we succeed in obtaining them:

"The Battle of Falling Waters,"
"Old Granwell," (on war of 1812),
"In Splendor Advancing,"
"On the Rappahannock,"
"Good Bye, Old Arm,"
"Mas'r Time in Camp,"
"Cuffee's War Song,"
"Comrades, Touch the Elbow,"
"When the Boys Come Home,"
"Ho For the Gunboats, Ho!"
"Gone, Gone to the War,"
"Minnie Minton,"
"Battle of Murfreesboro,"
"O'er the President's Grave,"
"Braddock's Defeat," (Old French War),
"The Picket Line,"
"American Star."

Send in print, if possible; but send nothing with a request to have it returned.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's water
Ran, deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughter.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents,
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolls slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills look down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn,
And lively clash and cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Til margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels,"

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movements light and tricky,
Made a reason and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The spectious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But trembled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed accurst,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang,
Above the stormy nicker,
No signal upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, low stream, its noiseless tread
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
And silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintiff note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the so dier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid Mar's embattled lines,
Gave th s one touch of nature.

"TOUCH NOT MY SISTER'S PICTURE."

On a bloody field of battle,
One dark night, with stealthy tread,
I was prowling round for plunder
'Mid the dying and the dead.
As I roughly seized a locket
From a dying soldier's breast;
Words of pleading, faintly uttered,
Sought my purpose to arrest.

"Oh, touch not my sister's picture,
Let it lay upon my heart,
With the farewell kiss I promised
I would never with it part.

"Orphans from our early childhood,
With none else on earth besides,
She has been my more than mother,
Friend and counselior and guide;
Gentle Mary, thy dear image,
With its sweet, approving smile,
As I fondly gazed upon it,
Kept me pure among the vile.

"Oh, touch not my sister's picture,
'Tis my dearest, earthly treasure,
But to you of little worth;
Would you rob a fellow-soldier
Dying on the damp, cold earth?
By the image of thy mother
Let me plead once more with thee;
Do not rob me of my locket,
Let them bury it with me.

"Oh, touch not my sister's picture,"
With those words he sank to rest;
In a new-made grave I left him,
With his locket on his breast.

A Close Imitation of Ivory.

Commanding such a price as it does it is not surprising that attempts should be made to imitate ivory. The Americans have put on the market a material called "oxlonite" which has the characteristic of being very inflammable. No one could mistake the real for the spurious. In the course of a conversation with Cranswicke, of Piccadilly, three articles were placed before us, and without the least hesitation the imitation was spotted. The surface was cold and dull and without life, whereas the finest African ivory is almost transparent, has a delicate grain and a pink shade, which becomes perfectly white and does not subsequently change color. Even the inferior East India ivory is of an opaque white, which turns yellow in a short time. The spurious article has, of course, the great merit of cheapness, and those who worship shoddy can gratify their taste.

Gone Up In Smoke.

The best cigar meets its match when it is lit.—[Merchant Traveller.

Edison smokes a good deal, but his electric light knows better than to do it.—[Yonkers Statesman.

A wife always prefers that her husband should smoke good cigars until she learns how much they cost.—[Somerville Journal.

We cabbage the following news note from the Philadelphia *Times*: "Smokers will be delighted to hear that the new crop of Havanna tobacco is the finest in many years."—[Oil City Blizzard.

European Russia Has 21,000,000 Horses.

The number of horses in European Russia is 21,000,000, including six government studs, besides a large number of private ones. The Russian government devotes annually $80,000 to the purchase of stallions, and so widespread has been the interest in late years in improving this stock, that races, trotting matches and shows have been largely increased all over the country.

The Deepest Hole in the World.

The deepest bore hole in the world, claimed at different times for a number of places, is, according to a German contemporary, at Schladebach, a small German village near Leipsic. It measures 1,748 4 metres, or about 5,735 feet. The time expended in boring to this depth amounted to six years, at a cost of $52,500.

A Possibility.

Mrs. Smitem—"Bobby, you bad boy, have you been fighting with Tommy Slimson again? Dear, dear! I shall have to get you a new suit."

Bobby—"That's nothing, ma. You ought to see Tommy Slimson. His ma may have to get her a new boy."—[Clothier and Furnisher.

He May be Called but Not Chosen.

Boston Globe.

Mr. Cleveland, as the tide is running today, is likely indeed to be "called back" in 1892.

THE RECORD OF 1889.

BRIEF RESUME OF ITS EVENTS.

Recapitulation of the Chief Occurrences at Home and Abroad—The Noted Dead of 1889—Its Roll of Disasters.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

The past year has been on the whole a quiet and prosperous one for the people of the United States, and yet so many extraordinary events have occurred that the annals of 1889 are far from dull or unimportant.

Of course the event of the year was the change of federal administration, which took place March 4. Benjamin Harrison succeeded Grover Cleveland as President, and during the remainder of the year political interest was centered in the reorganization of the executive departments and in the customary changes in the *personnel* of the civil, consular and diplomatic service.

The most important act of the 50th session of Congress, ending March 3, was that providing for the admission to the Union of the states of North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington and Montana. These states have since been formally admitted, and all, with the possible exception of Montana, have sent Republican delegates to Congress. The last Congress also elevated the bureau of Agriculture into an executive department. The Senate passed a tariff bill of its own before the close of the session, but nothing came of it. The 50th Congress, in fact, being divided against itself, worked at cross-purposes and accomplished very little positive legislation.

President Harrison was inaugurated March 4. His views and the general character of his cabinet and other appointments are familiar to our readers. One of the notable events of President Harrison's administration this year was the removal from office of the commissioner of pensions, James Tanner, for reckless and unauthorized methods of doing public business. Gen. Green B. Raum, a more business-like and judicious man, succeeded Mr. Tanner.

Two important international conferences have been in session in Washington during the year. What is known as the Pan-American conference met on October 2, all the American nations being represented except Paraguay, Hayti and San Domingo. The delegates have made a trip through the North and soon will be conducted through the South. The International Marine conference, composed of representatives of the principal maritime nations of the world, called for the purpose of obtaining greater security for life and property at sea, was opened October 16, and is still in session.

Among the interesting public celebrations of the year the most notable was the centennial celebration in New York of the inauguration of Washington, April 30 to May 2.

In the direction of political and social reforms it may be said that the appointment of Theodore Roosevelt and Hugh S. Thompson as civil service commissioners has been satisfactory to the friends of the reform principles and insured an honest enforcement of the law. The tendency of liquor legislation has been towards high license and against prohibition in all the state elections where it was an issue. The Australian ballot reform law has been adopted in several states, and everywhere wins favor.

In politics 1889 was what is called an "off year," and as usual in the first year of an administration the elections were marked by opposition gains. In November elections were held in ten states—the most notable results being the defeat of Governor Foraker in Ohio, the election of a democratic governor in Iowa and the crushing defeat of Gen. Mahone in Virginia.

The 51st Congress met December 2, and organized by the election of Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, as speaker. President Harrison's first annual message was a clear and statesmanlike exposition of the policy of his administration in harmony with the declarations of the Republican party.

Among the court decisions and trials of general interest we note Judge Barrett's opinion declaring the sugar trust unlawful; the affirmation of the constitutionality of the Chinese exclusion act; the final disposition of the Myra Clark Gaines litigation; the new trial of Alderman McQuade and subsequent collapse of all the "boodle" cases, and the famous trial in Chicago of the members of the Clan-na-Gael for the murder of Dr. Cronin.

The United States during 1889 has been remarkably free from labor strikes and agitations. The year in the financial and industrial world has been on the whole a prosperous one, and there has been no marked stagnation in business, while there has been a gradual recovery from the depression which marked the latter part of the previous year in stocks and securities, especially those of the great railroad corporations. As a rule the crops have been large and remunerative. The rainfall of the year, in spite of the drouth in some parts of the West, has been the heaviest known in many years.

The work of building a navy for the United States has been pushed with energy and success during the year by the competent head of that department, and a squadron of new cruisers, of which the nation is proud, is now in European waters.

In the religious world the most striking events have been the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in New York; the celebration in Baltimore of the centenary of the Roman Catholic church in the United States, and the strong movement among the Presbyterians in favor of revising the Westminster Catechism.

THE YEAR ABROAD.

The important events, occurring ouside of the Union, during the expiring year, have been of great historic significance.

In Europe, although there have been continuous mutterings of war, no breach of peace has taken place. At the same time most of the nations appear to believe in the axiom that in times of peace it is proper to prepare for war. The standing armies of Germany, Italy, France and Russia have been augmented and strengthened, as also have been the navies of Great Britain, France and Italy.

In Great Britain the Irish question was the chief matter politically discussed, incidental to it being the proceedings of the Parnell commission, resulting in a complete failure of the London *Times* to establish its case against the Home Rule leader. The two leading social events of the year were the great strike of London dock laborers, ending in a concession to the demands of the strikers, and the attainment Sunday by Mr. Gladstone of his 80th birthday.

For France the year has been a significant and prosperous one. The republic has been materially strengthened by the failure of the Boulanger movement and the great financial and artistic success of the Exposition. The security of republican institutions in France appears to be firmly assured.

The affairs of Germany during the past twelve months have not been marked by any very exciting features. The young Emperor has spent a good deal of time in paying visits to other monarchs and has developed some rather eccentric traits.

The peace of mind of the Czar of Russia has been continuously disturbed by the discovery of various plots against his life. Russia has continued the policy of extending her power in Asia and forcing the rivalry between Great Britain and herself to an issue.

In the other European principalities nothing of a very startling nature has occurred. Louis I, King of Portugal, died October 19, and was succeeded by his son, Carlos I, and in March King Milan, of Servia, abdicated in favor of his infant son, Alexander.

From Africa a few weeks ago came the welcome news that Stanley had successfully accomplished the relief of Emin Bey and rallied largely to the store of knowledge concerning the Dark Continent. The result of Stanley's expedition is the abandonment for a time being of the great equatorial province of Africa to barbarism and slavery.

The affairs of the Samoan Islands were the subject of a treaty between Great Britain, Germany and the United States, signed last March. In October by advice of the former King Malietoa, Mataafa was elecleeted king of Samoa and Malietoa, vice king.

The troubles of Hayti were terminated, for the present at least, by the success of Hippolyte and his election as president, last October.

In the western hemisphere the most significant event of the year was the revolution in Brazil, whereby the Emperor Dom Pedro was deposed and a provisional military republic established, the actual status of which has not yet been clearly defined.

In Canada the question of annexation with the United States has cropped up frequently. The Premier Sir John Macdonald has expressed himself in favor of enlarged trade relations between the two countries. The Welden extradition bill, which was passed in April, providing for the extradition of embezzlers, defaulters, etc., was disallowed by the Imperial government, on the ground that the bill was made retroactive.

The serious character of the influenza epidemic throughout Europe makes an unwelcome addition to the list of the unpleasant events of the year on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE DEAD OF THE YEAR.

The number of prominent men and women who died during the year 1889 was comparatively small. Of the writers who laid down their pens forever, we recall Robert Browning; Samuel A. Allibone; Frederick A. P. Barnard, president of Columbia college; Mary Louise Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*; Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*; Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and Theodore D. Woolsey, ex-president of Yale college.

Of the statesmen and politicians, these may be mentioned: William H. Barnum, ex-senator of the United States and chairman of the Democratic national committee; John Bright; Simon Cameron, the oldest ex-senator of the United States; S. S. Cox, one of the brightest men who ever sat in congress; William B. Hart, state treasurer of Pennsylvania; John Norquay, ex-premier of Manitoba; George H. Pendleton, United States minister to Berlin, and Francis Wharton, solicitor of the State department, who ought, perhaps, to be classed among the literary men because of his valuable works on medical jurisprudence.

Among other famous persons who have passed away are these: Alexander Cabanel, a distinguished French artist; Michael Eugene Chevreul, the great French chemist, who died at the age of 102; John Ericsson, the famous inventor of war ships; William S. Harney, once a gallant soldier in the army of the United States; Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of ex-President Hayes; D. H. Hill, a conspicuous general in the confederate army; Elias Loomis and Maria Mitchell, astronomers of more than national reputation; Stanley Matthews, a member of the Supreme court of the United States; Alexander B. Mott, an eminent New York physician; Amadeos A. Remke, senior bishop of the Moravian church; Rudolph, prince imperial of Austria; Henry Shaw, the St. Louis philanthropist; Mrs. John Tyler, widow of ex-President Tyler, and the ex-Empress of Brazil.

DISASTERS OF THE YEAR.

While the country has been blessed with immunity from the great calamities of war, pestilence and famine during the year just closing, 1889 will long be memorable on account of its association with "the Johnstown horror"—the most awful catastrophe that ever befell the people of this country.

The disaster was caused by heavy rains bursting the South Fork dam by which a body of water five miles long, ten miles wide, and in some places seventy feet deep, was precipitated into a populous district, of which Johnstown was the chief town, causing a loss of life which has never been accurately determined, but which was probably near 2,300, while the property loss was from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000.

Another extraordinary and sensational disaster was the destruction of the American and German men-of-war at Samoa in the fearful hurricane in March.

The great fires of the year were those of Lynn and Boston in November, causing a loss of six or eight millions.

The worst drouth was in the Dakotas, where crops were nearly ruined and much distress caused to farmers.

As the year closes, the Russian influenza, or "la grippe," has crossed the ocean; but the disease seems not to be of so serious a nature as that which is afflicting Europe.

The closing year has not, perhaps, been remarkable for great disasters. Yet the record is an appalling one. An examination of the annals of the past twelve months discloses that more than 20,000 human lives have been swept away by floods—10,000 in Japan, 7,500 in China, 2,300 in the United States, 400 in Hungary, 40 in Hindoostan and 46 in Bohemia. The loss by fire in conflagrations where ten or more persons were killed reaches the enormous total of 11,800, all but 200 of these fatalities being in China. Ten thousand people perished by fire in two days at Soochow. There have been nineteen ocean disasters during the year, in which 1,600 persons were drowned. The most terrible calamity of this kind occurred off the coast of Japan, involving a loss of 685 lives. Next in decree of horror was the sinking of two French fishing sloops, which carried down 175 men. There have been twelve explosions of fire-damp or other accidents in mines amounting to catastrophies, the number of miners killed being 493. Two hundred and twenty perished by one fire-damp explosion in France. This country has been notably free from such accidents. In railway disasters no less than 240 persons have been killed. One hundred and seventeen of these fatalities happened in Europe and 29 in Canada. The worst railroad slaughter recorded was in Ireland, where 76 lives were sacrificed by the wrecking of an excursion train. The nearest approach to this disaster was the killing of 30 passengers in Pennsylvania. One accident in Italy caused the deaths of twenty-five persons. Among other calamitous events of the year there are to be noted a tornado in Pennsylvania that killed forty people, and another in Georgia and Alabama which destroyed twenty lives; an earthquake on the Russian frontier by which 129 persons were buried alive; an explosion in a cartridge factory at Antwerp, Belgium, killing 135 workmen; the fall of part of the city heights at Quebec, crushing fifty lives; the fall of a factory wall at Glasgow, burying forty employes, and the collapse of a hotel in Hartford, caused by a boiler explosion, killing twenty-three persons.

She Knew.

She put on my hat;
Did she know what it meant?
On the sofa we sat
As she put on my hat
(It was long ere I went);
Yes, she knew what it meant.
—[Clothier and Furnisher.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BOYS.

The Five Youngsters of the Imperial Household.

The young emperor of Germany, William II., has five little boys. The oldest is seven years old. He is the crown prince and the heir to the throne. He will some day be emperor of Germany. He is a fine, manly little fellow.

Germany is a very military country, and the Emperor William is such a thorough soldier that strict military discipline is the order of the day in the nurseries of his little people.

As soon as petticoats are left off the tiny boys are dressed in baby uniforms, and the young crown prince looks quite like a little soldier.

When their father visits them in their own quarters (as I suppose I ought to call such a very military nursery) the crown prince commands his smaller brothers to "fall in."

Then Frederick and Albert, who are scarcely more than babies, "fall in." Little Price Albert is such a mite that he is not able to keep his position for long, and he soon trots away to his nurse's side. But the crown prince and Prince Frederick stand stiff and starched like real soldiers till their father returns their salute in proper fashion.

When the little crown prince was six years old he was given a bed-room to himself, instead of sleeping in the nursery with the others. He was very pleased, and said: "Oh! that is nice; now I need not be with the children any more."

In the summer of 1888 all five boys had a charming holiday with their mother at the beautiful castle of Oberhof, in the forest of Thuringia. Their father was away.

A little fort was built for them in a corner of the gardens, with a tent and two small cannon.

The three eldest, dressed in officers' uniforms, paraded in front of the fort. Then, while the crown prince beat the drum, an old soldier showed the other two how to attack and defend the fort.

Little Prince Augustus William, who was only a year and a half, was dressed in white and wore a tiny helmet. He looked on and clapped his hands.

In Germany, every boy, whether he is the son of the emperor or a peasant, has some day to be a soldier.

The emperor is fond of his five boys.

Almost his first question is, when he returns home, "How are the boys?"

A Nine-Miles Rifle Range.

The United States government has acquired possession, by purchase, of a tract of land extending from a point east of the "seven-mile water-works," to the vicinity of Schenectady, and including about 2,000 acres. The ground is to be used as a range for testing guns to be made at the Watervliet gun foundry. The range will be nine miles long and four miles wide.—[Albany Express.

SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away!

The year whose hopes were high and strong
Has now no hopes to wake.
Yet one hour more of jest and song,
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away!

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store.
And shall we turn from where he stanes,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away!

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest.
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay!
One golden hour, and then away!

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid.
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away!

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past;
Oh, be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away!

NO WINE IN WASHINGTON.

New Year's Day Will be a Dry One—The Official Ladies Will Not Serve Wine.

For some time past there has been a decrease in the number of Washington ladies who keep open house on New Year's day, and the reception of the first of January, 1890, will be confined to the White House, the mansions of the cabinet ministers, and the houses of some few ladies of the Senate and the Supreme court. The wife of the President and a number of the Senatorial ladies say that the reason for this comes from the custom of serving punch at New Year's, and the day when New Year's calls make the excuse for a grand Washington spree will soon be gone forever. This year Washington society, with the exceptions above spoken of, will leave a butler and a basket to receive the cards of the backwoods Congressmen, and others who have not kept up with the times. Many of the girls will go to the matinee in the afternoon, and there will be a number of big balls in the evening. In all probability not a dozen bowls which will be open next Wednesday will have a punch bowl.

The sentiment among the people which has made Kansas, Iowa and Maine prohibition states has affected in a great part the rest of the Union, and a senator's wife says that the leading ladies in all the aid societies of the churches in her little town held a prayer meeting just before she started for Washington, and asked God to enable her to resist the evils and corruptions of the capital.

There is, however, only one public man here who dares to give a dinner without wine. He is a senator, and when he came in a few years ago he announced brasily that he would give as many dinners as he chose, with never a drop to drink. He did give them, and on each occasion his roof covered more suppressed swearing than the roof of a cowboy's ranch. One Senator went into the dressing room after the seven-course dinner and violently asked of every incomer if such a course should go unrebuked. In this administration there will be only four besides the President who will give dinners—Vice-President Morton, Secretary Blaine, Secretary Tracy, and probably Secretary Windom.

Nearly every social law here but one emanates from the Executive mansion, and that one is the serving of wine at the New Year's reception. Custom has it that the multitude need not be dined or wined at the White House on that day. Of the Cabinet ladies all but Mrs. Proctor will keep open house, and but three will serve wine.

When the subject was broached to the Vice-President's wife, she said:

"Really, don't you know, I have been away from Washington so long that I have forgotten the customs. I really do not know what they do serve here on New Year's day."

Secretary Windom will have no wine on Wednesday. In a little talk at the President's table a few weeks ago, when Mr. Wanamaker was also present, the secretary of the Treasury advanced the opinion that every Cabinet member should follow his own principles on the subject.

"Oh, of course, we will keep open house," said Miss Nellie Windom, when asked the question, "but I am quite sure pap will not have punch or wine, although he does not disapprove of them on all occasions."

"My husband and I have one quarrel," said Mrs. Noble, when asked whether she would serve wine at her first New Year's reception. "It is the Daniel Webster anecdote, and it comes up every year. It seems that Daniel Webster went to the house of a friend for a week's visit, and when he found that his friend did not serve wine he packed up his goods and departed the first night. Mr. Noble says that a man of Daniel Webster's genius should have had his wishes respected. I say that the other man had as much right to his principles as Mr. Webster to his wine. I shall not serve wine at any of my receptions or dinners. Two or three years ago, in St. Louis, Mr. Noble refused to give a dinner in honor of some judge. He felt that he could not give it without some wine. I said that there should be no dinner then. Well, he gave the dinner without wine, and the day following one of the guests congratulated him on his courage. 'Don't praise me,' said he; 'it was my wife who had the courage.'"

"What will you substitute for wine New Year's Day?"

"Substitute? There is no substitute. It is a case of wine or no wine, for nothing will take its place. Wine is good. I like it, and keep it on my sideboard, but that is no sign I mean to serve it to young men and mixed companies."

"What will you do when the foreigners call?"

"I am not a foreigner."

The wife of the head of the department of Justice, when asked as to wine, replied: "I have never served wine in Chicago, and I shall not do it here on New Year's Day. The harm in the custom comes from giving it to young men."

When the question was asked of Mrs. Secretary Rusk, she said emphatically: "We shall have coffee, bouillon and chocolate, but no wine. Neither I nor my husband is averse to the temperate use of wines, but we will never give it to a mixed gathering such as a New Year's reception. When I was here years ago I saw many a New Year's caller who showed the effect of too much drinking."

The wife of Chief Justice Fuller is another woman who objects to the use of wine. She said: "I shall never serve wine at another New Year's reception. I have always been used to it, as in my father's family it was the custom to serve it to guests, but after what I saw in my first winter in Washington, I have decided never to have punch, and if anything at all, only a light claret at my receptions."

Mrs. Stephen J. Field is one of the best entertainers of the capital, but she does not believe in the New Year's punch bowl.

Mrs. John Sherman's New Year's receptions are always well attended. She has lived in Washington over 30 years, and, though she is still a young woman, she has gone through a generation in Washington. She says:

"I am sorry the old customs are dying out. Senator Sherman always calls upon the President, his cabinet, and his colleagues in the Senate who are his especial friends, and I have always, except in one or two cases, received on that day. I have never served any kind of wine, although I do not recall seeing any serious results from it."

The Way of the Transgressor Is Hard.

He was a dirty, big-fisted, blear-eyed, whisky-soaked bum, and as he sat on an empty beer-keg with his elbow on his knee and his unshorn chin buried in his palm, he meditated thusly:

"If somebody would only take me by the hand—if some sweet woman would but place her little hand upon my arm and, looking up into my face with a winning, entrapturing smile, plead with me to abstain from the use of intoxicants for her sake, I believe that I could arise from this degrading depth like a Phœnix from—" Just here an ample hand, rudely grasping his coat collar, dragged him from his resting place, and a threatening voice exclaimed: "That! And are yez dhrunk again and not six hours out! Sure and its a foine, long vacation you'll be afther gettin' from his honor this mornin'. Come along wid me, ye dhrunken shpalpeen! Not a word, or I'll bate the brain o' ye!"—[Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Cox, widow of the late S. S. Cox, has returned to the sultan of Turkey the orders and decorations which that genial potentate conferred upon her late husband.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Quite Comfortable.

Lawrence American.

She sat upon his lap, and he
Had both strong arms about her;
He'd just confessed that life would be
To him a blank without her.

"Of course, I love you, Will," she said,
"Or I'd not let you court me.
But say, ere I consent to wed,
How well could you support me?"

"Sweet May," he said, and kissed her brow,
"Pray still such foolish fancies,
(He drew her closer) for I'm now
In comfortable circumstances."

Reasonable Precocity.

Life.

Teacher (after reading aloud the story of Jonah and the whale)—And now, my little men, can you tell me who fell into the sea—

The entire class to a man (interrupting)—McGinty!

New Style.

Springfield Union.

When cremation comes to be the fashion, we shall be able to do up our obituaries in something like this style:

February 2, 1887, Cre-
November 25, 1910, M
April 17, 1969, Crem- } ated.

Thank Heaven.

Chicago Mail.

There is one gleam of light in this epidemic of "la grippe." It has crowded McGinty out of the business.

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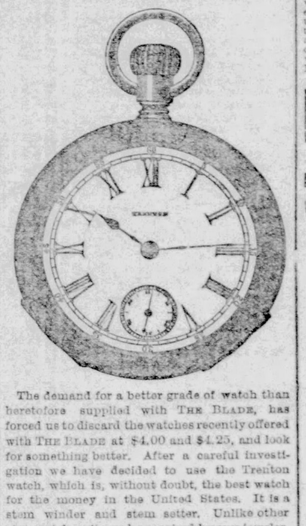
Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

One Which Does Not Consist Merely of Material Good.

I wish you a *real* happy New Year!"

There was a certain ring to her tones, a strong accent upon the word "real" that attracted my attention. Looking up I saw a glorified look upon her face, a radiant expression as if she had looked upon what words could not describe, but which had given to her a spiritual strength that would make the New Year a blessing.

"Why do you say *real?*" I asked.

"Because I mean the wish in such a different sense from what I ever did before," she answered. "Usually the thought in my heart has been of the material good, of money and the pleasures it gives, of brightness and gaiety. I wished the New Year to bring to my friends prosperity, happiness as the world considers it, with no pain, no sorrow, no trouble to mar, or to cast a shadow upon their path."

"And now?" I asked.

"Now," she responded softly; "I mean that I wish to have come to each and every one whatever may bring spiritual growth and strength, whether that may be suffering or poverty, or loss—loss even of the nearest and the dearest—for the sorrow can be borne, and love's light is shining yonder for ever and forever."

There was silence for a few moments, and then she spoke again.

"Last night there came to me a dream—a vision—I am sure God sent it to teach me a lesson. You know how unhappy I have been lately. Yesterday I sat thinking of all the sin and misery there is in the world, and how those who live best, who strive hardest to do their duty, seem often to receive the hardest blows. I thought of Mr. A, who had been so utterly bereft of family and fortune; and there came to me an utter bitterness and weariness of spirit as I recalled the last stroke, which has left him almost helpless and alone. Why was life given to be made such a mockery, I questioned. Surely there must be some answer.

"It was in this mood that I must have gone to sleep, although I was not conscious of even closing my eyes. The roof above seemed to pass away and I arose as if upon wings and was carried up, up toward the shining stars, and away from the earth and its peoples. I cannot describe to you the perfect harmony of that motion, without effort, and yet arousing a sense of power, of abounding life, the like of which I had never before imagined. Before me floated a shining One, who seemed to draw me onward without volition of my own.

"My first wonder and amaze subsiding, I caught from afar deep, hoarse tones that conveyed an intense sense of misery, and the consciousness came to me that it was the expression of a world's sin and suffering. As I listened it grew louder and louder, until it appeared like a great billowy wave that threatened to arise and overwhelm my being.

"Suddenly we paused, and I found myself standing upon the summit of a lofty mountain which was bathed in a glory, soft and radiant, but not dazzling. The shining One stood by my side and as I turned my wondering eyes to his face there dwelt a look of such benign sweetness therein that all fear departed. "'Tell me,' I cried, 'oh, tell me why that must be, the darkness, the despair in the world which I have left. Is there no relief, no escape, nothing but that horrible wailing forever and ever?'

"'There is another song to be heard,' he said. 'Listen.'"

"And I listened, at first conscious of nothing but that rising and swelling of those billows of woe, then gradually, as if my ears were spiritually attuned, I heard the sound of a song of triumph, of rapture indescribable, at first soft and sweet, then swelling out into a grand pean of rejoicing, in which the tones that had given me such sorrow were absorbed and lost entirely. And yet I knew they must still be there.

"'No,' spoke the shining One, answering my unuttered thought; 'they are not there. They never were the realities that earth-born children make them. It is only that they seem so because they cannot be heard or seen from the other side of the veil that hides the Beyond. Hearing as you hear, and the wailing becomes rejoicing; seeing as you may see, and the darkness is turned into light. Through the baptism of pain comes the beauty and glory of the higher life—the life immortal. For there is no death. There is only transition, and when that is made, and the consciousness comes of the real meaning of the physical life, if it has been accepted and lived bravely, there is joy unutterable. Look and you shall see, as well as hear, that other side of what you so bitterly mourn.'"

"I looked and in the soft white light there grew a picture, as if set and framed in crystal. I saw those whose griefs had seemed to me so bitter, whose troubles had appeared to my human ken so undeserved. Strangely enough they appeared at first distorted, one part out of proportion to another, and then gradually I became conscious of a change. I seemed to see for a moment from the earth side the sufferings I had so deprecated, and while I watched them pass by the distortions disappeared, and to my inner perception there came a sense of harmony."

"'I understand,' I cried at last. 'You would teach me that all—everything—is good, no matter how it may seem to us in the earth life. You would show me that he who walks in the path of duty, bearing all things, striving only to see and know what He would have him do, is rising towards a spiritual life that is a beautiful reality which we cannot there comprehend. You would tell me that what seems so dark, so incomprehensible, is yet full of radiant light that our eyes, darkened with agony, fail to see, and yet it is there awaiting our spiritual awakening. This is what you would teach me.'"

"'Yes,' was the response of the shining One, 'for God is Love.'"

"And then above me and around me and beneath me rose high in a melody of a sweetness that no words can describe, the refrain *"God is Love,"*—"God is Love." It did not come to me as simply hearing, but this unutterable love of the Infinite seemed to surge through every fiber of my being."

"Suddenly I awoke to find myself lying in my own room, but with such an all-pervading sense of the meaning of the dream or vision—call it what you will—that my questioning of the inequalities in the apportionment of material suffering vanished away, for pain was but the handmaiden of spiritual good. And this was why I wished you a *real* happy New Year."

I remembered, after she had ceased and left me, while pondering upon what she had said, something that I had once somewhere read concerning the need of a recognition of the true significance of life. It is for happiness, but a happiness that comes from the conquering of self; that follows obedience to the highest impulses of our nature. Riches, prosperity, freedom from sorrow—all these may leave us so poor in spirit, so far from the truth of all living; that the shining Ones would veil their faces forever from our sight. To conquer self, to live for others, to bear with fortitude, to let our love and charity be as broad-reaching as the sun; this it is to strive for; this it is to grow fit for the kingdom of heaven.

And oh, if there are those among my readers who are watching the advance of the new year with hearts wrung with sorrow; if there are those who are walking over burning plow shares because duty leads the way if pleasures have turned to ashes and there seems little but bitterness in store; if the days are a weariness and the nights a pain; then remember that there is "that other side to it all," which was shown to my friend, from which you will some day look back and see why these things be; you will hear the strains of harmony which have swallowed up the vibrating tones of misery, that are now what most fill your mortal ear; and you will know that Infinite love has held you always. As you have borne patiently, so shall it be unto you of spiritual strength. Wherefore I wish from my heart, not that you may be spared from all trial, all suffering, but that whatever will help you to the higher development of your being, may enter into you lives. And so

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

EMILY S. BOUTON.

ANOTHER GAME.

A little while ago mention was made of a way of entertaining by what was called "literary salad," where leaves were cut out of green paper in the shape of lettuce, and quotations from well known authors written therein to be guessed by the members of the company. Some one wants to know a little more about it. There is little to say in addition to what was given. Whenever the author of the quotation is correctly guessed, the guesser retains the leaf, and the lucky individuals often find themselves possessed of quite a boquet. If a failure to guess is made, the leaf is returned to the dish.

Another way of finding considerable amusement is to have a spelling game—a regular old-fashioned "spell," and merriment enough is afforded when it is entered into with zest. It is described by an exchange this way:

"In this game every one is to spell their very best, and, if you choose, a prize can be given to the best speller, and a booby prize to the poorest.

Spelled should be on a printed slip of paper, with a definition added, and placed in a box on the table around which your company is seated. The person to start the game selects a word, without seeing it when selecting, pronounces the word and gives the definition to the one next to him. It No. 2 spells the word correctly he takes the card and draws another, and pronounces it to the next to him; if he misses the word the one pronouncing it spells it and places it by itself. The last speller draws the next card, and no one is allowed to spell twice on a word. Each participant should keep his own pile of correctly-spelled and misspelled words, being careful not to mix them. The prize goes, of course, to the best speller."

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

APRONS'—An apron that is both dainty and useful, and which is particularly suited to a young girl, may be made of figured India silk. Make it with a moderately full skirt, gathered into a band, and use bright ribbons for ties. A shirred pocket may be placed upon the apron, and if ornamented with a bow of ribbon adds considerably to its beauty. If liked, straps of the ribbon may be fastened to the apron, back and front, forming *bretelles*, and a shirred bib inserted in the front. If *bretelles* are used, tie them nicely by taking in a sloping seam at the shoulder, and let them almost meet at the front of the apron.

Black silk aprons, painted or embroidered in colors, are very handsome, as well as useful, for older people. A very pretty and easy way to make a white apron is to buy ¾ yard of embroidered skirting, the depth that comes for children's dresses. Hemstitch the sides and the top, and run through the latter hem draw ribbon for ties.

MELON-SHAPED CUSHION.—Cut from paper a melon-shaped piece fourteen inches long and about seven inches in diameter. Using this pattern as a guide, cut three pieces of any desired shade of silk or satin, and either paint, embroider, or work in tapestry some pretty design. Cut two more pieces of plush or velvet of same shade, or of some contrasting color to the embroidered pieces. Sew these five pieces neatly together, leaving one end open. Stuff with down or feathers, and finish the ends with frills of lace and bows of ribbon. For the two plush pieces the satin may be used, if preferred, and covered with pretty lace, ecru or white.

KNITTING-CASE.—For this pretty little case use a foundation of card-board. It will take four pieces, twelve inches long and three and a half wide in the center, gradually sloping to a point at the ends. Now cut four pieces of satin or plush, half an inch larger each way than the pasteboard, to allow for turning in. Use any shade preferred, but embroider or paint each piece prettily. Then cover each piece of card board neatly with your embroidered pieces, line the inner sides with silk or satin, and bind with a narrow ribbon of the same color. Sew the four sections together, leaving the two at the top open. The ends may be finished in various ways. Either bows of ribbon, or cards and tassels, or pompons will answer. Then loops of elastic are sewed to one of the open sides, and three buttons to the other. The handles are made of loops of cord, inserted on each side, half way between the ends, or a narrow ribbon may be used. One of these convenient little articles is pretty made of black satin, embroidered or painted with sprays of violets. Line with violet satin, decorate with bows of violet ribbon, and use violet ribbon for the handles.

WORK BAG AND APRON.—A novel combination of work-bag and apron may be made as follows: Take a width of India silk, linen, bolting cloth or any preferred material, and turn it up about one-third its length from the bottom, to form a pocket. Underface the turned up edge with either ribbon or some of the material, carrying the facing clear around the apron at the back, and stitching twice to form two casings. Run ribbon through these casings, tying a pretty bow at each side. Underface the top of the apron, and run ribbons through to tie about the waist. When wanted for a bag, turn the top carefully down into the pocket, and taking hold of the bows, draw up the ribbon.—ED.

Now that Christmas time is over, housekeepers will want to begin making pretty things for beautifying the home in spring-time. To do this a great help will be "Fancy Work and House Decoration." Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; un, unknit.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; s c st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; treble; sn c, short crochet.

FANCY MITTENS.—Cast on 77 stitches—1st needle, 28; 2d needle, 22; 3d needle, 27. 1st round—k plain. 2d round—k 6—p 2—o—k 1—o 2—p 2—repeat. 3d round—k 4—n—p 2—k 3—p 2—repeat. 4th round—k 3—n—p 2—k 1—o—k 1—o—p 2—repeat. 5th round—k 2—n—p 2—k 5—p 2—repeat. 6th round—k 1—n—p 2—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p 2—repeat. 7th round—o—n—o twice—p 2—k 5—n—p 2—repeat. 8th round—k 3—p 2—k 1—n—p 2—repeat. 9th round—k 1—o—k 1—p 2—k 3—n—p 2—repeat. 10th round—k 5—p 2—k 2—n—p 2—repeat. 11th round—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p 2—k 1—n—p 2—repeat. 12th round—k 5—n—p 2—o—n—o twice—p 2—repeat. Then repeat from the 3d round until the wrist is finished; then arrange for five rows down the back of hand, which you can do on the needle that has the 27 stitches on. This makes rows of hearts, and is a very pretty pattern. Can use any kind of Saxony yarn or silk.—MRS. H. D. RENO, Rochester, Pa.

KNITTING MITTENS ON TWO NEEDLES.—Cast on 1 stitch—1st row, t o needle—k 1; 2d row, t o—k 2; 3d row, t o—k 3; 4th row, t o—k 4; 5th row, t o—k 5; 6th row, t o—k 6; 7th row, t o—k 7; 8th row, t o—k 8. That forms the gusset. Then loop on the needle 12 stitches; throw thread over needle at both ends, and knit back and forth until you have the thumb one-quarter wide enough; then at the end of the thumb slip and bind; at the other end throw thread over just the same as before; then slip and bind until narrowed down as much as the other was widened. Now you have just half of the thumb; the other half make just the same until the other half was knit; then at the end of the thumb slip and bind; then knit down and back plain loop on 26 stitches for the hand; then knit just as you did for the thumb, except that you don't throw thread over at wrist. Knit wide enough for the hand; then bind off all the stitches, sew up the mitten and crochet a cuff on to suit your fancy. The mittens will look very small and a funny shape, but after they are set to the hand are very pretty.—CALLIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW IT WAS DONE.—A lady of wealth and position had occasion to visit my home some time since and seemed much surprised and pleased with what she saw. She said, "Why! how cosy and cheery your little rooms are, and so bright and pretty! They are just finishing our new house, and there are so many great big rooms, I am quite at a loss how to furnish all of them. I think I'll take pattern by yours and furnish one in rustic style!" Her tone was rather patronizing, for she was conscious of her ability to do as best pleased her, but the absolute fun of the situation took away the sting. There is a recompense in being able to assist others, and madam in her "embarrassment of riches" seemed to need help as well as one, who, lacking much of the world's good, has loss of its bother, too. Ha! I have not given these sketches of my frontier home for the benefit of that class. I have written because I believe among the thousands of HOUSEHOLD readers there are a number of brave, patient, self-helpful sisters, who may be encouraged and helped—a little—to make the most and best means within their reach, if they know some one else is trying to do the same. Dear Miss Bouton if you are mother confessor to us all, am I not right?

"Well! What have you been up to, now?" The brisk, breezy, business-like tone of that question almost makes me think I am a little girl again, instead of a busy housewife with crowding cares. I have been "enjoying" a severe illness, but "notes from the sickroom" are hardly in place here. I will only say don't neglect to gain any knowledge that may be needed when a doctor is not to be had.

Thanksgiving Day was a sorry one to us this year, but the house was in order and decorated beforehand, and it is of some of my pretty things I want to tell you. Our "new house" is yet in the future—waiting development of mines, etc., and while the hewn log house of the meantime is very comfortable, it needs considerable expenditure of time, muscle and brain to keep it "cozy and cheery." Even my kitchen and winter dining room is bright and pretty. I took off the several layers of paper until the smooth clean logs were bare, restopped the cracks with pine tree moss, for

"Great Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to turn the wind away."

The logs, you see, were hewn on all four sides, and the cracks are not big enough to chink, but too big to let alone, and the moss seems to grow for the purpose. Then I put on a covering of Toledo BLADES, carefully adjusted in panels. A dado of golden brown wrapping paper, the mate part, straight split three feet from the floor, another, giving protection and furnishing variety. Groups of really handsome cards show well on the soft gray tint, while clusters of bright leaves and scarlet berries over the splendid deer heads, holding rifle, etc., gave a festive air for the great day's dinner—that missed us.

Around the top of my sitting room is a wide border of pressed ferns, in green, gold and brown. I have several good pictures, well framed, and a pretty paper-holder, made of birch bark. But I had four handsome engravings I wanted to put up for a time, and the frames must be home-made. I went down in the woods, and brought home a quantity of willow twigs in bright scarlet and yellow, and the silvery grey of the downy wood. Also, a basketful of leaves and vines and berries. I cut the twigs in lengths desired, and got out narrow bright ribbons to lace and tie them. But the leaves won the day. So I laid the twigs in threes and fours, and tied them together with fine black thread, weaving in and out, crossing them in "rustic" fashion, and tying securely. The thread is invisible, but holds in place the sprays of kalsomine, and shining holly, like leaves of Oregon grape. One picture, a laughing girl, in quaint old-time attire, looks out from a setting of coral-like sprays of huckleberry bushes, on which has alighted a half-dozen butterflies. They went to sleep among a lot of gunny sacks, and I brought them in to keep them warm. It don't cost much heartache to dispose of all these things when we have had their day, and one grows tired of them. And nature's store house is so full they are easily replaced when dry and faded. And they do add so much to the brightness and daintiness of one's surroundings, especially when, as now, the earth is wearing her snow blanket. But it is not very cold here yet. The eaves were adrip to-day, and cellar doors stood open. Still, the patchwood fire is needed to keep cool house-plants and people in comfortable state. Wish everybody were as safe and warm. Who wants to hear about my famous big screen? It is rustic with a vengeance—but answers well its end and aim. —JEANIE.

Let us hear about it.—ED.

WORDS TO GIRLS.—I have timidly refrained from introducing myself to your delightful circle, but now I come forward to shake hands with Ruth and say I indorse what she said to girls. Girls are hardly aware how good an influence they may exert if they will only have the courage to obey the dictates of conscience. God bless the girls of our land and help them to have strength within themselves, and when tempted, to say no, and stick to it.

One of my neighbors said to me during a conversation about the downfall of so many of our promising girls, that she rejoiced every day because her two children are boys! "For," said she, "there are so many girls come to some bad end who have been brought up as well as I could teach them, and who knows but what, if mine were girls, they would share the same fate. And yet my boys may wring my heart with agony for their misdeeds."

Mothers, I think we fail to instruct our boys to be pure and have due consideration for their influence.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, even in the impure time of Rome, taught her sons to be pure. "There are," said she, "somewhere in this world women who will stand at your fireside stones. Keep yourselves as pure for them as you would have them keep themselves for you."

Let us teach our boys that "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," and because society in general condemns sin in the one and excuses it in the other, makes it no less a crime in the eyes of an All-Wise Creator.

My Christmas greeting to all lovers of the HOUSEHOLD.—DAN'S WIFE.

FROM THE VALLEY.—"Here am I" with my report fresh from the Tennessee valley. I am sent out with armfuls of New Year's greetings and a heartful of sincere thanks to each who have so kindly remembered THE BLADE family scrap-book.

Could you view the cottage home, amid its thrifty surroundings, with its green lawns, bordered circles, ornamental trellises, choice shrubbery, and stately trees, you would pronounce it a pretty picture of itself. Within is an air of peace and comfort. "The fire burns brightly on the hearth," the capacious scrap-book is partly filled, and near it lies a pile of letters and pictures, among them are fine steel engravings, colored pictures and lovely oil paintings. They are sent from Ohio, Michigan, Nebraska, Colorado and other states.

The worthy missionary and his estimable wife regret exceedingly their inability to reply personally, but each name is carefully preserved, the gifts are appreciated, and are fulfilling their mission.

The inmates of the cottage breathe a silent b'essing upon the HOULEHOLD, and we quietly withdraw.—CHRIST MASS.

GLADIOLUS.—Last summer I had a fine bed of gladiola and they were much admired by all who saw them. Besides the red varieties which are so common, I had rose pink, pale pink, salmon pink, white striped violet, cherry with large white throat, scarlet striped, white, pure yellow, white with pink blotches, pure white, white tinged with sulphur, white stained with carmine, and as some bloomed early and others late, and I had a dozen of each, there were always something in the gladiolus bed for a nice bouquet. The lily-like flowers were very large, and each stalk produced from twenty to forty flowers. I found them very useful in cut flower work. One bulb produces from one to five bulbs in a season besides the flowers.

Many who love flowers do without them because they have little time to devote to their cultivation, but if they will try a few gladiolus bulbs next season, they will always have flowers. They do not require as much cultivation as potatoes.—FRANCES B., West Branch, Mich.

INQUIRIES.

Will any of the sisters tell me what ails my chickens, and what will cure them? They sneeze and sneeze, and their heads turn dark red and then purple; then they choke to death.—MRS. MYERS, Morganville, Kan.; CON. MYERS.

Will some one who has old papers, magazines, or reading matter of any kind, and will give them to a poor person who is "shut in" with a sick child, please send to MATTIE FLORA, California, Ky.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE please send me some samples and the abbreviations for knitting and crocheting?—MISS AGGIE GARDNER, Westfield, Tioga Co., Pa., box 7.

I would be pleased to hear through the HOUSEHOLD, if any of the sisters find farming a good investment for their money. Not chicken raising, particularly, but general farming. That is to have a tenant on shares. I am fond of country life, and thought it would be safe investment to buy a farm.—MRS. H. H.

Will some one send directions for a pretty crocheted tidy of spool cotton?—MAYBELL.

Please tell me which is the correct way to address a widow; by her christian name or by her husband's.—MAZBELL.

By her christian name.—ED.

I have more flower seeds than I want to plant. Any one sending self addressed and stamped envelope, I will send assorted kinds while they last.

Will the readers of THE BLADE send me some feathers for a feather boa?—MINA SHAVER, Progress, Beaxton Co., W. Va.

Will some one tell a young girl of work which she can do at home, during spare time? Would be willing to leave home, but cannot do so at present.—LAURA.

I will be very thankful to you if you will be so kind as to send me a recitations (either prose or poetry), that would be nice for a school girl of seventeen summers to recite. Also if any of you have a dictionary or list of foreign languages, that you do not use, and will send it to me, I will consider myself under obligations to do you any kindness that would present itself.—Address FEDORA MOORE, Manningston, W. Va.

Will some one please tell me how to clean soiled silk ribbons, as I have a lot of them that I have worn several times and soiled.—IGNORANCE.

I wish to thank the sisters who sent recipes for making good coffee. Will be very glad to have the cake recipes that "Blondie, the Farmer's Wife," offers to send—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Ignorance." If the gentleman is some one you know very well and the taking you will involve no expenditure of money, it will not be out of the way to ask him to accompany you.—ED.

"A Charles." The gentleman should ask permission to call, if he desires to do so. He should not go without first either receiving an invitation, or permission to do so in response to a request.

Those remaining in the room when others leave first during a call should rise upon their departure.

If it is simply a formal call the one who arrived first should leave first. If it is an evening visit, the last comer should be the first goer.

"Lizzie." It would not be improper to write a note to the gentleman asking him to call and see you, if it is a matter of importance and you can see him in no other way.—ED.

MRS. J. NICKLE, Washington Territory—Your letter to Texas should return to you from the Dead Letter Office. By mistake the offer of sending the seed of the China Berry tree was not published for some time after it was made, and then the lady had removed elsewhere. The editor regrets the blunder.—ED.

F. A. B.—There is no need of expending money in the conduct of a reading club, if you choose to meet at private houses. First call together those who, you think, would like to join. Then elect officers, and appoint a committee to draft a constitution, which will embody your general purposes. If you want to be more informal appoint a chairman to take direction of the first meeting, and then arrange an order of exercises. Generally there must be some one to appoint those who are to write papers, and also one to take charge of the reading, etc.—ED.

N. A.—It was impossible to answer your question in next issue, as the editor was absent unavoidably.

In seating wedding guests the bride and groom should be placed at the head of the table, or in the place of honor near the head, with the minister and the bride's parents near upon one side and the groom's near upon the other. Follow your own fancy as to the rest.

Turkey and cold meats should be nicely sliced and passed around upon platters. The stuffing may be sliced also, though there should not be a great deal of it with the meat. Serve coffee with the meat course. Pie is not used upon such an occasion. Cake, ice cream and fruit will make the last courses. The bride cuts the first slice in the cake, or puts the knife into it, and then it may be passed around.

Any hour from six to nine may be chosen. Eight o'clock is a good time. Refreshments should be served soon after the congratulations are over. Gloves are worn, but they may be removed during supper, then resumed afterward if liked.

These answers are given supposing the wedding is to be a small and rather informal one.—ED.

RECIPES.

HICKORYNUT CAKE.—In answer to "A. Y.'s" request I will send a recipe for hickorynut cake which I know to be good. Four eggs, 2 cupfuls of sugar, ½ cupful of cream or butter, 2½ cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jelly tins, and between the layers spread the following cream: 2 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar, 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, 1 coffee-cupful of chopped hickory nut meats, 1 pint of milk.

Beat the eggs, sugar, cornstarch and nuts all together, and stir it into the pint of milk while it is boiling. Let it cook as thick as a custard, and when cold spread it between the layers.—MAMIE STARNS, Hillsboro, Ind.

WHITE CAKE.—One cupful butter, 1 cupful sweet milk, 2 cupfuls sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, whites of five eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, lemon flvoringa.

SNOW CAKE.—One cupful sugar, 1½ cupfuls flour, ½ cupful butter, ½ cupful sweet milk, whites of four eggs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, flavor to taste.

When cooking onions, place half a teaspoonful of vinegar on the stove and let boil. The vapor of the vinegar will nearly if not quite destroy the odor of the onions. —MRS. H. C. CHRISTIE, Media, Kan.

YEAST CAKES.—Pare six good-sized potatoes and put them to boil in a quart of water together with a handful of hops tied up in a bag. When done pour water over a quart of sifted flour; wash the potatoes well and add them. Add 1 cupful brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful brown ginger, 1 teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful soda. If the batter is too stiff, add cold water, and when cool enough add two cakes of good yeast, previously soaked in warm water. Let this rise over night, for if prefer to make out my yeast cakes early in the morning, then stiffen enough meal to mix the batter very stiff, roll out with flour, and cut in cakes, and place in the sun with a thin covering of cloth over them, or place in the shade where the wind will blow on them. When dry on the top turn the cakes over. The quicker they are dried the better and sweeter they will be. When thoroughly dry put in a sack and hang up. I have tried this recipe for years and it has never failed.

I have an excellent soap recipe to wash clothes without rubbing. I will send it to THE HOUSEHOLD sometime if the editor is willing. I am a miser as regards recipes and lace patterns.—MARIA A. WILSON.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have it.—ED.

FOR DIPHTHERIA.—Take a lump of common white lime, size of goose egg, and put in a tin pail—5 qt will do. Turn on a pint or so of boiling water. Have ready some cheese-coping cloth, double and tie over the pail so the lime will not pop out and burn the patient. Place the pail so the patient can inhale the steam from it thoroughly. Better put a quilt over patient, so as to sweat them, watching, in case of chill, that it does not get too much of it, i. e., suffocate by close covering. A couple of treatments of this will cure the worst case of diphtheria, as I have done so in my own family, and it is a superior way to treat children, as it is very difficult to administer a gargle to a child.—C. W. COLE.

Education as a Last Resort.

Tonsorial artist (contemptuously)—Say! what good are you Harvard fellers, anyhow? Yer can't play football, yer can't play baseball, yer can't row; all yer can do is to get an education.—[Harvard Lampoon.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

YORROWS, N. DAK.	Florence Fisher
James Van Kleeck	Harry Vandhurvel
Ernest Van Kleeck	Lindsey Vest
Edith Van Kleeck	Ruth McElroy
Daisy Kellet	Bessie Johnson
Ira Kellet	Fred Rhodes
Guy Kellet	Myrtle Seamons
Lena Main	Anna Mayfield
Ada Main	Eva Mayfield
Otto Luke	Myrtle Mayfield
Annie Uecker	Cora West
Henry Uecker	QUENDARO, KAN.
Eugene Smith	Cora B Mertel
Arthur Smith	Maudie Almond
Leon Sittser	Maggie J Hogarty
Clifford Sittser	Berth H Thompson
Thomas Spiller	Elmer M Thompson
Hiny Spiller	Oscar H Mallory
Maggie Anderson	Walter Simms
Ida McLean	Jennie Simms
John Peck	Henry J Murray
Lora White	John W Stout
Albert Beebe	Russie M Gray
Neil McLean	Ellie C Gray
Charlie Van Kleeck	Fred A Sortor
LAKEPORT, CALA.	Voris Sortor
Willie McHarvy	EAST LEWISTOWN, O.
M Vandhuriel	J Clinton Fosnacht
Nellie Carpenter	OREGON, ILL.
Allie Carpenter	Katie McGuffin
Myrtle Lawrence	Maggie McGuffin
Ida Rippy	AVOCA, IND.
Ethel Hazlewood	Matie B Huron
Etta Barry	Irma R K Huron
Rhoda Marby	Flora F Huron
Bessie Russell	Eugene Hammons
Ella Scott	TWIN BRIDGES, MONT.
Vida Williams	Belle Utley
Olive Thompson	Charlie Baker
Hillie Robbins	Maggie Swanstrum
Myrtle Smith	Grace Baker
Vina Waterman	Katherine Comfort
Berthe McElroy	Daisy Comfort
Lucy Quigley	Mina Page
Seth Morby	Leoda Eldred
Georgie McHarvey	Lizzie Page
Gertie Rose	

Names this week, 86. Total, 28,078.

The above embraces all names received up to December 27.

For the Young Folks.

SANTA CLAUS'S SCARE.

BY EMILINE.

Santa Claus is a funny old fellow,
His eyes are bright blue, his hair golden yellow.
They tell me he's fat, and has smut on his face;
I wish I could see him, I'd give him a chase.

He's a jolly old chap, I've made up my mind,
But a more cunning fellow I'll dare you to find.
How he gets down the chimney is a puzzle to me,
But I'm determined on one thing—that is, to see.

I've been thinking sometimes, he don't deal with us square;
He does a few things, that I think is unfair:
He fills Bobby Jones's socks up to the brim,
And poor chaps like me, he don't put so much in.

But my mamma says I must not complain;
If I do, he may fool me and not come again.
So I'll lay low and hide in a corner close by,
And see if the funny old chap I can't spy.

If he don't fill them up to please me this time,
I'll step out and say, now you'd better climb!
I'll scare him so bad he will leave his pack sure,
Then I'll fill my own socks with one hundred things more.

And I'll fill mama's stockings, and baby's and Sue's,
And put something funny in papa's old shoes.
When I get things all fixed, I will creep into bed,
And sleep very sound without pain in my head,

Till daylight comes creeping through every crack in;
Then I'll spring out of bed, Merry Christmas again!
They will all be surprised to find everything there,
And I'll be rejoicing over old Santa's scare.

TOMMY BANCROFT'S ADVENTURES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

I. MONDAY.

MONDAY was Tommy's own day, and he liked it the very best of all. First, because it was washing day, which was the very reason mamma didn't like it. He knew it was Monday the minute he waked up, because there was his red plaid dress and gingham apron for him to wear. He always wore that dress on washing days and baking days, and days when mamma was too busy to look after him; and Tommy's heart gave a great jump of delight when he saw it, for he knew he could dig in the dirt with the fire shovel, and nobody would say:

"Why, Tommy Bancroft, look at your new clothes!"

When his mamma dressed him, she said:

"I can't stop to curl your hair this morning, because it's washing day;" and then Tommy was gladder yet. When he was a man, he meant to have all his hair cut close to his head, so nobody could curl it—it always made him so cross to have it pulled.

After breakfast, his mamma tied his old straw hat under his chin, and told him to run and play, like a good boy. Tommy went straight out to the sink drain in the back yard. There was quite a little river of soap suds running through it, and Tommy fished in it awhile with the handle of his mother's parasol that he found on the hall table. She shouldn't have left it there, you know. Then she thought he would build a dam across the drain, and he threw down the parasol and went in to get the fire shovel to dig with. Bridget was cross, and said she wanted the shovel herself; did he think she was going to put in coal with her fingers? Then he thought he would take a knife, and while he was looking for one he spied his mother's silver pie knife in the spoon basket. It was broad and flat, pretty much like a shovel, and Tommy thought he could make it do.

"Course she'll let me take it; won't hurt it, 'tall," said Tommy to his conscience; but he was very careful to keep it out of Bridget's sight as he trudged back to the drain. He found a nice, soft place to dig dirt, in the middle of one of mamma's flower beds. It was full of little sticks, to show where the seeds were planted a few days before; but the seeds had not come up, and Tommy thought it must be because there was too much dirt. He pulled off his hat for a cart, and it was splendid fun to load it up with the pie knife, and drag it to the drain by the ribbons. Pie knives are not made to dig with in the dirt, and pretty soon it began to curl up at the point, and then the handle doubled down sideways, and Tommy threw it down with the parasol, saying to himself, "I guess Uncle Jim can fix it."

While he was squatted up in the very middle of the drain, somebody emptied another tub full of suds, and it came swashing along and washed Tommy and the dam away together. He gave one little squeal of astonishment, but though he was very wet and muddy, he only put on his dirty little hat and started after the gray kitten that was watching a bird under the raspberry bushes. He chased her three times around the garden and twice under the fence, but he couldn't catch her, though he tore the brim half off from his big hat, and did something to the skirt of his plaid dress that made it hang down around his feet. Then he went into the coal cellar, and climbed up and down the great mountain of coal, and played he was a traveler, climbing up some ice mountains, like some men Uncle Jim read about. When he was tired of this he thought it must be dinner time, so he started for the house.

There was an elegant carriage at the gate, and he wondered if his Aunt Louise she promised him. He went to look for his mamma, but she was not in her room, or the dining room, or the nursery. So he walked straight into the parlor, and there was his pretty mamma, in her nice, ruffled morning dress, and there were two strange ladies and the minister's wife.

Dear, dear! how his mamma looked! She felt as if she should faint away; and the strange ladies said: "Is this your youngest, Mrs. Bancroft?" and tried not to laugh; but the minister's wife said, "Come here, Tommy," and then she gave right up and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. Tommy's mamma laughed, too, though she looked at first as though she was going to cry; and Tommy stood there with his old, torn skirt hanging down over his muddy little trousers and stockings, his old, torn hat brim flopping about his shoulders, and his hands and face and his long, yellow hair all black and grimy with coal dust, and wasn't one bit ashamed.

II. TUESDAY.

If it had not rained that day, it never would have happened; but before Tommy had half finished his breakfast Uncle Jim got up and walked to the front window and remarked that it was "raining cats and dogs."

Tommy looked up, with his mouth full of bread and butter, to see if Uncle Jim was really in earnest; but as he looked perfectly sober, he immediately scrambled down from the chair and rushed to the window, expecting to see a shower of black and white kittens, with a smart sprinking of curly dogs. What he really saw was a very muddy river, rushing along through the gutter; two men, with tin pails and short pipes, tramping down the street; and a miserable-looking dog with a bone in his mouth, picking his way through the mud. He looked as if he might have rained down, but Tommy knew he didn't, because he knew where he lived up the alley, and he had often seen him sneaking around the back door after bits which Tommy threw away when he took his lunch out-doors. Just at that instant Uncle Jim came in from the back hall, and said, in a very dreadful voice:

"Now, then, Tommy Trotter, where are my rubbers?"

When anything was lost in that house they always asked Tommy about it. It was a habit they had of supposing that Tommy had had it, especially if it was something he never ought to touch.

Tommy forgot all about the dogs and cats, and looked at Uncle Jim and said quickly, "I d'n know."

That was a habit Tommy had, and he always said, "I d'n know," before he stopped to think. But he did know very well, and so he said:

"O yes, Uncle Jim. They're over to Billy's house, in the big troft where the horse drinks. Me and Billy sailed 'em for boats, all full wid oats, and they sinked down to the floor of the water."

"Why, Tommy Bancroft," said his mamma, looking greatly troubled, "what shall I do with you?"

Uncle Jim looked at him very soberly and said:

"Well, young man, here I am, two miles from my office, and no rubbers. I should like to know what you mean to do about it? You ought to buy me some more. I shall catch my death of cold, and then how'll you feel, sir?"

Tommy's little face brightened in a minute.

"O, I'll buy you same more," said he; and he trotted away to get his bank, which had a loose floor, so that whatever you put in at the top could be easily shaken out at the bottom, an arrangement Tommy found very satisfactory. The first thing that came out was a quarter, new and crisp, but Tommy's heart never faltered.

"There," said he, "you can buy some more rubbers, and I won't never sail 'im in the troft."

"Very well," said Uncle Jim, putting the money in his pocket, and going into the hall.

"Uncle Jim," called Tommy, "if there's any change left you buy me some peanuts, will you?"

Uncle Jim nodded and said, "I shouldn't wonder," as he strode out into the rain.

Tommy's mamma gave the baby her breakfast, talked awhile to Bridget about supper, dusted the parlor, watered the ivy in the bay window, and then she put the baby on the floor in the dining room, and gave her some clothes pins and a tin pan to play with. Tommy had his Noah's ark, but he had to keep it on the table, because the baby put the camels and elephants into her mouth whenever she got a chance, and once she washed off the paint off from Shem, Ham and Japheth, and made herself quite sick. Ellen was ironing in the kitchen, and Mrs. Bancroft said:

"Now, Ellen, it is such a rainy day, nobody will be in, and I am going up to look over the winter clothing

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRESH refreshed body and revived hearts the Hebrews set forth again early on the following morning; and by this time, the little spring which they had even dug deeper to promote its flow, was for the time exhausted. They cared the less that it refused to yield any water to carry on their journey, because they expected to find some wells at Alush.

The children picked up the golden fruits of the colocynth, which fell from the now withered gourds above as if they dropped from heaven, and brought them to their parents. But they were as bitter as gall to eat, and a morose old man of the tribe of Zebulon, who kept some of the stout rinds to serve to hold salve, said: "Thus will this day be. It has a fair seeming; but will be even as bitter in itself and we lack water we shall know its bitterness!"

And his prophecy was only too soon fulfilled; for the path, after leaving the region of sand, went on through rocky cliffs like walls of red brick and grey stone, up and up, now at an easy slope and now very steep; the sun, too, mounted higher and higher, and the heat increased as the hours went on. Never had its arrows in Jen more forcibly on the pilgrims, striking pitilessly on their unprotected heads and necks. Here an old man and there a young one sank to the ground under its fierce glow, or tottered forward like one drunk, supported by his neighbors and clasping his hands to his head. Their blistered skin peeled off their faces and hands, and there was not one whose tongue and gums were not dried by the heat, or whose newly found courage it did not quell.

All the water they had carried with them had been used before reaching Dophka, and the exhausted spring at the mines had not sufficed to fill the skins. Thirst, which had at first only direct their gums, now began to burn their vitels. Their scorched throats could not swallow the soft food of which they had abundance. On every side there was nothing to be seen but heart broken looks and pitiable or disgraceful scenes. Men and women storming, cursing, weeping, and groaning, or else sunk in inactive dullness.

Old Nun and his son were both agreed that Joshua must fight whatever post Moses might desire him to fill; and Hur himself had led him forth to the fighting-place, where he had left the ranks of his fellow-men, and his son both knew the secret of inspiring courage. They spoke to the men of the well-watered oasis of the Amalekites, which was now not far away, and reminded them that the Most High had given to their weapons they held in their hands. Joshua assured them, too, that they far outnumbered the warriors of the desert-folk.

Soon after midnight Joshua, after holding counsel with the elders, bid the trumpets sound to call the fighting-men together. He set them in ranks under the starlit sky, appointed a leader to each division, and impressed on each the hearing of the word of command he was to give.

The stars were still bright in a cloudless sky when a cow horn called the Hebrews to set forth again. A runner had already been sent to Moses and Aaron, who were well ahead, with Ephraim had flown after him as soon as he was free to do so. But throughout the morning's march Joshua kept his troops in strict order, as though no onslaught was to be expected.

They crept on thus for more than an hour, when suddenly a loud shout of joy ran out, spreading from the foremost in the van to the last man in the long train. No one had been told in so many words that what caused his origin, but every one felt it must mean that the had come upon fresh water. Then Ephraim came flying back with the glad tidings, and what a miracle it worked on the exhausted wanderers! Many a one behaved as though they had already emptied the brimming jar at a deep draught, and struggled forward at double speed. Soon, however, the hurrying rate stopped of its own accord, and the foremost came to a standstill, and behind them the whole multitude were checked more effectually than by meats and wiles. The toiling pilgrims had become a weak disorderly crowd filling the whole valley. At last men and women turned back, carrying well-filled water jars in their hands or on their heads, beckoning joyfully to their friends with words of encouragement, and thus made their way through the throng to their own families; but the precious fluid was snatched away from many before it could be conveyed to its destination.

At first it had flowed among a chaos of mossgrown blocks of granite, but presently they succeeded in directing the flow of the precious fluid, and in checking the water by forming a sort of tank where even the cattle could drink. Those who had filled their jars had caught the water in the hollow of a rock in leather-covered linen. Now the men whose duty it was to watch the camp kept the throng off, so as to give the water time to settle and clear in the large new basin which is filled with amazing rapidity.

In spite actually of the blessing for which they had so loudly clamored, it was easy now to have patience. They had found the treasure; all that was necessary was to husband it. Not a word of discontent or complaint or reviling was now to be heard; many indeed hoped who had end ashamed on this new mercy from the Most High.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HARD battle must be fought, for, as the spies reported, the Amalekites had been joined by other desert-tribes. Nevertheless, the Israelites were still almost twice their number; but how far inferior in warlike skill were Joshua's troops to their opponents, inured to battle and ambush. The foe came up from the south, from the oasis at the foot of the Sarcol Mountain, which was the primeval home of their race, their foster mother, their beloved, their all, and to them well worth shedding the last drop for.

Joshua, now the captain, recognized by Moses and all the people as leader of the Hebrew fighting-men, led his newly-formed army to the widest portion of the valley, as this allowed him to take the utmost advantage of their superior numbers. The camp was formed in a half circle and pitched in a narrower place at the northern end of the valley of Repindim, in which the struggle must be fought out, as this made it easier to defend the tents.

He had established Moses and all the elders of the tribes safe within the precincts of the camp, but their great leader had gone forward with Hur and Aaron, and climbed a peak of granite whence they could look down into the fight. Thus the fighting men could see Moses and his two companions on the cliff which commanded the top of the valley, and feel assured that the servant of the Lord would not cease to beseech Him to secure them and give them the victory. But every simple man in that host, and every woman and old man in the camp, in that hour of peril turned to the God of their fathers, and the rallying-cry chosen by Joshua, "Jehovah our Banner!" was the battle-cry of the warriors to the ruler of the battle, and reminded the most faint-hearted and unskilled among the fighting men that he could not take a step nor deal a blow, but the Lord would make it.

The fighting men of the tribes of the Hebrew host rang out louder and louder, for the Amalekites were pouring down on the level ground which was to be the field of battle.

At the first glance Joshua perceived that he had not overrated the numbers of the foe who began the battle were bearded men, with clearly cut, manly faces, out of which their black eyes glowed at the enemy with wild and blood-thirsty hatred. And every man, like their leader himself, a tall, powerful man of many scars, was spare and supple of limb. They wielded the curved sabre, the javelin of heavy sharpened wood, and the lance ornamented with a tuft of camel's hair, like practiced warriors, and the war cry rang out loud, cruel and death-defying from the deep hearts of these men, who felt that they must die or see their dearest possession in the hands of the enemy.

At the first onslaught Joshua led forward the men whom he had armed with the large Egyptian shields and lances, and these, fired by their valiant leader, made a good stand, particularly as the narrow defile into the field of battle hindered them from outflanking the small but adventurous of their superior numbers. But when the men on foot presently withdrew, and a troop of warriors or dromedaries rushed down on the Hebrews, many of them were scared at this strange sight of these creatures, known to them only by description. They cast away their shields and fled with loud outcries, and wherever a gap was made the riders drove in their shouts and thrust down at the foe with their long sharp javelins.

But no sooner did their captain see them give way than he took advantage of the disaster, and bid them retire and allow the savage foe to enter the valley; for he said to himself that the superior numbers of his men could be turned to better account as soon as they had the opportunity of pressing on the foe from both flanks as well as in front, and whe the slingers and archers could take their part in the fight.

Ephraim and the bravest of his comrades, who remained with him as runners, were now sent back to the northern end of the valley, to tell the leaders of the ranks posted there what Joshua proposed, and to order them to advance. The swift-footed shepherd lads vanished as nimbly as gazelles; and it soon was seen that their captain had hit on the right plan; for no sooner had the Amalekites reach the middle of the valley than the Hebrews fell upon them from all sides; several who were bravely rushing forward fell in the sand as they brandished the sword or spear, hit by a round pebble or a sharp arrow from a sling or bow.

Moses, meanwhile, kept his place on the cliff overlooking the battle-field, with Aaron and Hur. From thence he watched the fight in which he, who had grown grey in peaceful pursuits, could take part only with heart and soul. Not a movement, not a sword raised or dropped among friends and foes, escaped his keen eye; but when the fray had fairly begun, and the captain, with wise forethought, had opened a way for the army into the midst of his own fighting men, Hur exclaimed to the grey-headed man of God: "My wife, your sister's lofty spirit has indeed discerned the truth. The son of Nun hears the call of the Most High. What is this? We are the superior force, and yet the enemy makes his way unhindered into the very heart of our host. As the waters of the Red Sea stood aside at the word of the Lord, so do our ranks stand, as it would seem, by their leaders bidding."

"Only to swallow up Amalek as the waves of the sea swallowed up the Egyptians," was Moses's reply.

Then he lifted up his hands to Heaven and cried:

"Look down, Jehovah, on Thy people, who are in fresh straits. Strengthen the arm and give sight to the eyes of him whom Thou hast chosen to be Thy sword, send him the succor Thou didst promise him when Thou didst name him Joshua instead of Hosea! And if Thou dost no more suffer him to prove himself steadfast and strong as beseems the captain of Thy choice, then do Thou, with the hosts of Heaven, set Thyself at the head of Thy people that they may put their enemies to flight!"

Thus the man of God besought the Lord with hands lifted on high, and ceased not to entreat Jehovah and cry to Him whose mighty will ruled His people; and presently Aaron whispered to him that the foe was hard beset, and that the courage of the Israelites was proving itself mighty. Joshua was now here and now there, and the ranks of the enemy were visibly thinner, while those of the Hebrews seemed to multiply. And Hur confirmed this report, and added that the uniting zeal and heroic contempts of death of the son of Nun were beyond all praise. He had, as at that moment, felled one of the wildest of the Amalekites with his battle-axe.

At this Moses breathed more freely. His arms fell by his side, and he eagerly watched the course of the fight which was surging and raging, tossing and waving at his feet.

But what was that?

A cry of triumph broke from Aaron's lips, and Hur started to his feet and gazed anxiously towards the north; for from the spot where the people's tents were pitched came a fresh battle-cry, mingling with loud and lamentable wailings, such as could only proceed from women and children. The enemy had surprised the camp.

A troop of the Amalekites had been detached from the main body long before the battle had begun, and had made their way round by a mountain defile, known only to themselves.

Then, again, standing up, Moses raised his heart and hands once more to Heaven. With fervent prayer he cried to the Lord, and ceased not his entreaties; as the minutes went on the more excited was his beseeching, for all that the Hebrew host had won they now seemed to be losing.

Joshua forthwith entrusted the further conduct of the battle to Nahbi, the second chief of the tribe of Judah, and to Uri, the son of Hur, who had distinguished himself by his courage and forethought, and hastened with other chosen men to help his father. He had not been a moment too soon, for the fight was already decided by the time he reached the scene of the struggle; for, as he approached the camp, the Amalekites had broken through his father's line of defence, and cut him off from the tents to which they were rushing.

First, then, Joshua rescued the brave old man from the foe, and next he had to drive the sons of the desert away from the camp; this gave rise to a sharp struggle, man to man, hand to hand, and Joshua himself could be in but one spot at a time, and must need leave it to the younger fighting-men to act for themselves, each in his own place.

Here, too, he raised the cry, "Jehovah, our Refuge!" and rushed, shouting these words, into Hur's tent, which was the first to be seized by the enemy, and round which the battle was fiercest. Many corpses already strewed the ground at the entrance, and furious Amalekites were struggling with a party of Hebrews, while from within came wild screams of terror.

He sprang across the threshold with winged feet, and beheld a spectacle which filled even the unflinching man with anger, on the left of the large room it formed, Hebrews and Amalekites were rolling on the blood-stained mats in a furious struggle, while on the right hand he saw Miriam and the other waiting women bound by the men of the desert had tied. The men had meant to carry them off as precious plunder, but an Amalekite woman, frenzied with hatred, revenge and jealousy, and eager to secure a speedy retribution to the flames, was blowing the brands on the hearth, and, by waving the veil she had snatched from Miriam's head, had fanned them to a considerable blaze.

The Amalekite chief who had bound Miriam was a strange but heroic figure. With his swarthy skin and high hooked nose, he resembled an eagle of his native mountains; his beard was black, but grey at the chin. But ere long he was to measure his strength with another—with the man who once had been dear to her heart. She had often compared him with a lion, but never had he seemed more like the king of beasts.

That no man may live if his heart stops beating for no much as a minute every child must know, and yet Miriam was certain that here had stood still, rigid and motionless, when the lion rushed into peril to destroy the eagle and the Amalekite's bright knife flashed forth, and she saw the blood flowing from the champion's shoulder.

But then her heart began to beat again, nay, and faster than ever before, for suddenly the lion-hearted warrior, whom she had so lately hated with such hatred, was once more, as by a miracle, the friend of her childhood again. Love and joy awoke with the sound of trumpets and cymbals, and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that had held them apart was suddenly forgotten and buried, and never were words of reconciliation more welcome to the Most High than in the brief prayer which went up from her agonized soul. And as her pleading was fervent, so was it immediately answered, for the eagle was driven back, and fled, wounding for ever ended under the superior strength of the lion.

All was dark for a while before Miriam's eyes, and it was as in a dream that she felt the cords which bound her wrists cut, and heard Caleb and Ephraim, when she soon recovered consciousness, and beheld at her feet the bleeding corpse of the vanquished chief, and in other parts of the tent many bodies and wounded men, among them several of her maid's slaves. By them, stalwart and victorious, stood the brave fighting-men of her nation, with the noble and reverend figure of Nun, and Joshua, whose wounds his father was binding up.

Deep grief and indignation had come over her as she remembered how greatly she had sinned against this man. She knew not how she could repay him, on whom she had brought such deep sorrow, all she owed him. Her whole heart longed to hear some word of forgiveness from his lips, and she went towards him on her knees across the blood-stained ground; but the prophetess' eloquent lips were dumb; she could not find the right word, till suddenly the imploring cry rose loud from her oppressed breast: "Joshua! O Joshua! I have sinned against you indeed, and will repent of it all my life long, but do not scorn my tears. Do not expel me from you, and, if you can, forgive me!"

She could not have uttered another word; but then—and this again she never forgot—his eyes had been flashed with a smiling love, and he had raised her from the ground with irresistible strength, and yet with a hand as gentle as a mother's when her child has had a fall, and from his lips came mild and friendly words, promising full forgiveness. The mere pressure of his hand was enough to show here that he was no longer wroth with her, as she heard his assurance that the name of Joshua could not fall more sweetly on his ear from any lips than from hers.

Then with the cry "Jehovah, our Refuge!" he turned from her; but his clear shout, and the enthusiastic battle-cry of his followers rang in her ears long after.

All that was still once more, and she only knew that never before nor after had she wept so passionately or so bitterly as in that hour. Moreover, she had made two solemn vows to the God of her fathers, called Him to be His handmaid. But the two men whom they most concerned were meanwhile in the thick of the tumult of battle.

One had led his men back from the rescued camp to the field of battle once more; the other, by the side of the leader of the multitude, was watching the varying movements of the still furious fight.

Moses importuned the Almighty, who had from the beginning declared Himself to be a Father to him and the Hebrew folk, and saving them as by a miracle from the greatest perils. But his frame was faint, so he called on his companions, and they pushed forward a block of stone on which he might sit, while his besieged heart of the Lord with more and yet more prayers. His comrades diligently held up his arms, the one on the right hand and the other on the left, and not for an instant did he cease calling on the Most High till, on a sudden, from the camp there came up glad shouts of victory, which echoed loudly from the rocky walls of the gorge. Joshua had returned to the field of battle, and at the head of his troops rushed on the enemy with irresistible fury. Moses, supported on either side, dared not cease to uplift his heart and his hands, but at last, at last, the final struggle was over. The ranks of the Amalekites gave way, and presently they fled,

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE larger half of the Amalekites lay dead or wounded on the field of battle, and the Hebrew captain knew that the other desert tribes who joined them had, as was their custom, abandoned their slain and would retire to their own haunts.

All about him Joshua saw none but glad faces beaming with proud self-reliance, and when he dismissed the ranks to retire to the camp and rejoice with those dear to them over the victory, the troops, which had marched past wearily and slowly, broke out in shouts of joy, as clear and glad as though they had quite forgotten the fatigues which had bowed their heads and weighed their feet.

"Hail to Joshua! Hail to the Conqueror!" re-echoed from cliff to cliff long after the last of the troops was lost to sight. But more clearly still did the words ring in his heart in which Moses had thanked him, for they had been: "Verily as the sword of the Most High, steadfast and strong, hast thou fought the fight. So long as the Lord is thy helper and Jehovah our Refuge, we need fear no enemies!"

In the camp he found all astir. He was welcomed by Miriam and her husband in a way which gladdened his heart; Hur gave him his hand with hearty frankness, while she bowed reverently before him, and her eyes beamed with joy and gratitude.

Before he sat down, Hur led him aside, ordered a slave who had just slaughtered a calf to divide it into two parts, and, pointing to it, said:

"You have done great things for the people and for me, son of Nun, and my life is too short for the gratitude you have laid on me and on my wife. If you can forget the bitter words which troubled our peace at Dophka—and you say you have forgotten them—let us henceforth dwell in unity as brothers in one cause, and stand up for each other in joy and sorrow, in peril and in need. The captaincy henceforth belongs to you alone, Joshua, and to none other; and the people all rejoice therein, and, most of all, so do I and my wife. And if you share my desire that we should henceforth live in the bonds of brotherhood, come with me, and after the custom of our fathers we will walk together between the two halves of this slaughtered beast."

And Joshua gladly did his bidding; Miriam was the first to join in the loud approval which old Nun began, and she did so with ardent vehemence; for it was she who, after humiliating herself before her husband, whose love she had now quite won back, had suggested to him to invite Joshua to this treaty of brotherhood which was now ratified. All this had cost her no pang; nor the two vows to which she had pledged herself after that the son of Nun, whom she now was ready to call Joshua, had saved her from the hand of the foe were about to be fulfilled, and she felt that it was in a happy hour that she had made them.

The feeling, new to her, that she was a woman even as other women are, gave to her whole person a gentleness which had hitherto been foreign to her, and this won her the love of her husband, whose full worth she had learnt during the bitter time when he had opened his heart to her.

Joshua watched till dawn was near, and as the stars began to set he sprung up and bid the trumpets sound; and he was soon marching at the head of his troops through the narrow gorge, and after they had gone forward for about an hour, in silence and in darkness, they were refreshed by the cooler air which succeeds the day. Dawn began to spread in the east, the sky grew paler, and the glowing splendors of sunrise solemnly and grandly rose above the majestic mass of the Holy Mountain.

Then the warriors went on with hearts uplifted, one gaily calling to another in glad excitement. Hardly half an hour further on they saw the blue-green foliage of a tamarisk-brake, and above it tall palms, and heard at last the sweetest sound that ever falls on the listening ear in the desert, the babbling of a running stream. This encouraged them greatly, and the mighty form of the peak of Sinai," its heaven-kissing head veiled in blue mist, filled the souls of these men, dwellers until now on the level plands of Goshen, with devout amazement. Joshua went down through a defile leading to the brook in the valley, and up the nearest boulder of the mountain.

*Now called Serbal; not the Sinai of the monks which, in my opinion, was not supposed to be the mountain of the law-giving till the time of Justinian. A full exposition of the view that Serbal is the Sinai of Scripture, which was first put forward by Lepsius, and in which other writers agree, may be found in a volumes, entitled (in German) "Through Goshen to Sinai," by Dr. G. Ebers.

Here he paused to rest, and looking round he discerned in the shadow of an overhanging rock a tall figure gazing at the ground.

It was Moses.

The course of his reflections had so completely rapt him from his present surroundings that he did not perceive Joshua's approach, and the warrior reverently kept silence for fear of disturbing the man of God, waiting patiently till he raised his bearded face, and greeted him with dignity and kindness.

Thus did Joshua open his heart to the man of God, and told him all he had thought and wondered.

The prophet listened to him with composure, and then replied in a deep hesitating voice, and in broken sentences:

"Immeasurable is the camp—yes; it is ruining the people. But the Lord of Might has left it in these hands to dash them to pieces. Woe to those who rebel. That power, as stupendous as this mountain, and as immovable as its foundation rock—they must feel it! Here the angry speech of Moses ceased. After they had stood for a while looking into the distance, Joshua broke the silence by inquiring: "And what is that Power called?"

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE TARIFF BILL.

The Question of Ore Being Considered in Washington.

The first of the series of tariff hearings mapped out by the House committee on Ways and Means, was held on Dec. 26—gentlemen interested in metals, ores and coal, being permitted to give their views.

George H. Ely, president of the Western Iron Ore association, which was organized eight years ago, spoke in favor of the retention of duty on iron ore.

The duty of 75c. a ton had been beneficent. It had been satisfactory. It had promoted the iron and steel interests of the United States in a remarkable degree. As an instance of this beneficent effect he cited the production of the Gogebic districts, which had increased from 1,000 tons in 1884 to 14,000 tons during ten months of 1889, and of Minnesota district, which had increased within the same dates from 72,000 to 800,000 tons.

In 1886, the total production of American mines had been 10,000,000 tons, while the estimated production for 1889 was between 14,000,000 and 15,000,00. The question of duty, he said, was a question of wages. In the Spanish mines the hours of labor were 72 hours a week; in the Lake Superior region the hours a week were 55.

In Spain the wages of drillers and miners were 60 to 72 cents a day, and of common laborers 36 to 50 cents. In the Lake Superior mines, the wages for drillers and miners were $2.25 to $2.75 a day and for laborers, $1.60 to $2.00.

He believed in the protection of American labor and in making up the rates of wages to American workingmen. If the range of wages were ever to crash in England, that country would have to change its policy. He did not ask for any increase of duty, but he earnestly urged the retention of the present rate.

The duty had operated to make up part of the difference between the wages at home and abroad. If the duty was high enough to make a full equivalent for this difference it would at least be $1.50 a ton.

George Toby, of Massachusetts, addressed the committee in favor of the free importation of iron, ore and coal.

Talking on the Tariff.

George Toby, of Mass., continued his talk before the Ways and Means committee, in Washington on Dec. 24. He read a long memorial prepared by New England manufacturers of iron and steel, in support of the position which he advocated, and he contended that the present tariff was prejudicial to the interests of the Atlantic coast, while it discriminated in favor of the Western Pennsylvania section. It was not just that there should be such a tariff rate as enabled one or two states to kill out the iron interests of other sections. New England should not be forbidden by the tariff laws from enjoying the advantages which her location on the sea coast naturally presented her. She should not be set back in civilization by the impediment arising from the want of cheap iron and steel. Massachusetts asked for cheaper raw material. Her contest was not with England, but with highly protected Pennsylvania.

In response to questions by Mr. Bayne, he stated that the abolition of the duty on coal would stimulate work in the Canadian coal fields, but he thought that any bad effect which might result to the coal miners of Pennsylvania, would be more than compensated by the increased business which would be done in the New England states.

Mr. Gear inquired as to the general position which the witness held to the tariff, and received the reply that, in his opinion, no horizontal reduction should be made.

E. S. Witherbee, of New York, president of the Eastern Iron association, argued that the chief obstacle to the development of New England manufacture was the almost prohibitory freight rates charged by the New England railroads.

The manufacturer's interest would be best protected by keeping a steady duty on the raw material. That duty stimulated the mining industry. If it was removed, capital would be intimidated, and he believed that all the mines in his section of country would be abandoned.

At the end of Mr. Witherbee's argument the committee took a recess of 30 minutes.

After the recess the committee heard statements from V. K. Moore and Powell Stackhouse, of Michigan, and the questions directed to them by members of the committee were intended to draw from them information as to the amount of labor and of capital contained in a ton of iron ore. Their responses however, were no more satisfactory than those given by the gentlemen on the stand before the recess, all declaring their inability to give a correct answer, owing to the varied conditions of different mines.

Mr. Flower, of New York, who was persistent in his questions on this point, characterized the business methods in vogue among the iron ore producers as "slipshod."

J. J. Dominies, of New York, urged against a reduction of duties on iron ore.

Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, advocated a reduction of duty on coal, but maintained that a proviso should be added to the law declaring that the reduced duty should apply only to the products of such foreign countries as did not urge an abolition of tariff, but that it should be fixed at a rate which would cover the difference of wages in the United States and Canada.

Charles E. Mayor, president of the Consolidated Coal company, of Maryland, read a paper protesting against any change in the existing rate of duty on coal. To reduce the rate, he held, would effect a reduction in wages and would also destroy the coasting trade of the United States. He did not ask that the rate should be increased, although the just duty would be $1.25 a ton. He did not want to put the American laborer down on the same plane as the British laborer; a reduction of the rate of duty would finally have that effect.

Joseph P. Butler, of Ohio, a manufacturer of pig iron, protested against any reduction of duty on that article. Statements were made by W. S. Morris and Joseph Wharton, descriptive of the Bessemer and Basic methods of producing steel, and at 5 o'clock the committee took a recess until 7:45.

At the evening session Mr. Oscar Reen, representing the Newark, N. J., smelting works, endeavored to impress upon the committee the necessity of maintaining the present law in relation to the importation of lead ore when containing a valuable proportion of precious metals.

L. A. Holden, of Cleveland, O., took the other view of the case, and contended that lead ore, even when containing the ore of more precious metals, should pay its share of the duty on imports. He was in favor of supplying the same protection to lead ore as was extended to iron ore and other articles. The principle of making lead ore an exception in the matter of protection, was unjust, and would strike down one of the industries which was developing in the great west. The interpretation put upon the law by the secretary of the Treasury he believed to be unjustifiable.

Hon. Hosea Townsend, of Colorado, protested against the shutting of the secretary of the Treasury as unfair to the mine owners of the west.

Mr. Barton, of Nevada, said that the people of his region, irrespective of politics or of parties, were high tariff men so far as lead was concerned; and he argued in support of the resolution recently offered by him in the House, requesting the secretary of the Treasury to modify his lead-ore decision. The ruling should be rectified without delay.

The resolution offered by him should be considered before any tariff bill was presented, because it was well known that bill gave rise to long-winded debates and might precipitate a deadlock upon the House. He said he had consulted with President Harrison on the subject, and that the President had fully sympathized with the people of the West, but that he did not feel at liberty to go behind the rulings of his predecessors.

La Grippe Knocks Out a Meeting.

The members of the Ways and Means committee were on hand promptly at 10 o'clock on December 28, and waited patiently for an hour for the appearance of some one interested in the refining of sugar and desirous of being heard on that subject. At 11 o'clock the committee was called to order and Mr. Flower stated that he was in receipt of a telegram from J. E. Searles, jr., treasurer of the sugar trust, informing him that the gentlemen who had intended to appear were suffering from "the grippe," and asking that the hearing be postponed. In secret session the committee acceded to this request and will accord a hearing to the sugar refiners January 4, after the hearing of flax, hemp, jute and cotton goods, already set down for that date.

FOREIGN COINS.

Value of the Standard Coins of Various Nations.

The Director of the Mint has estimated, and the secretary of the Treasury proclaimed, the values of the standard coins of the nations of the world, to be followed in determining the values of all foreign merchandise imported on or after January 1, 1890. The following table gives those whose values have been changed, giving last year's and the new valuations:

Coins.	Jan. 1, 1889. Cents.	Jan. 1, 1890. Cents.
Florin, of Austria	33.6	34.5
Silver dollar, of Bolivia, Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, and the Central American States	68.0	69.8
Bolivar, of Venezuela	13.6	14.0
Rupee, of India	32.3	33.3
Silver Yen (or dollar) of Japan	73.4	75.2
Dollar (or peso) of Mexico	73.9	75.8
Rouble, of Russia	54.4	55.8
Mahbub, of Tripoli	61.4	62.9

The following coins have, for the first time, been included in the annual circular of values: The $2 gold piece of Newfoundland, value $2 02.7; Shanghai tael of China, value $1.03 1; Haikwan (customs) tael of China, value $1.14 8.

The following figures show the values of standard foreign coins, which have not been changed from the value fixed in the secretary's circular of last January: Argentine Republic, peso, 96.5 cents; Belgium, franc, 19.3 cents; Brazil, milreis, 54.6 cents; British possessions, North America (except Newfoundland), dollars, $1.00; Chili, peso, 91.2 cents; Cuba, peso, 92.6 cents; Denmark, crown, 26.8; Egypt, pound (100 piastres), $4.94.3; France, franc, 19.3 cents; German Empire, mark, 23.9 cents; Great Britian, pound sterling, $4.86 6⅔; Greece, drachma, 19.3 cents; Hayti, gourde, 96.5 cents; Italy, lira, 19.3 cents; Liberia, dollar, $1; Netherland, florin, 40.2 cents; Norway, crown, 26.8; Portugal, milreis, $1.08; Spain, peseta, 19.3 cents; Sweden, crown, 26.8 cents; Switzerland, franc, 19.3 cents; Turkey, piaster, 04.4 cents.

The secretary's forthcoming circular of January 1, 1890, marks an important change in the values of silver coins, which are higher than for the preceding year, whereas since 1879 the values of foreign silver coins have each year been estimated lower than for the preceding year.

THE ECLIPSE.

The American Expedition Successful in Obtaining Results.

Advices received from St. Paul de Loando give the following official particulars concerning the recent eclipse: The weather was clear during the first part of the eclipse, but the sky was obscured about the time of totality. The direct view of the photoheliograph of forty-foot focus proved an entire success, and the equatorial mounting for it worked very satisfactorily. This instrument was managed by Prof. Bigelow, and the new circumpolar plates of 22 inches in diameter were handled without difficulty. Each plate has ten images of the partially eclipsed sun on it, and the measurement of each image will give accurate corrections to the position of the moon relative to the sun.

We obtained 70 of the pictures before the middle of the eclipse, and 40 after totality. There was no hitch in the working of the apparatus, which was all automatic, and with an extra photographic assistant it would have been easily possible to take twelve or fifteen hundred pictures of the eclipse in all its partial phases had there been any object in so doing.

The beginning of the total eclipse or second contact was lost in clouds and could not be observed, and the total eclipse or third contact was obscured by clouds and was not observed. The end of the eclipse, or fourth and last contact, happened in the clouds, and neither photographic records nor optical observations of it were possible.

The ocean party was only partially successful, and brought back few pictures of the eclipse, some of which will be serviceable. The colors a few moments before totality, both on land and in the sky, were magnificent. The moon's shadow when approaching our station at Cape Ledo swept over the ocean towards us with a velocity actually terrifying. The water, which in the sunlight had been of a lovely indescribable peacock blue or green, assumed a dark livid green, almost black, and the comb of the breakers, snow white in ordinary daylight, under the gloom of the eclipse, broke into a foam of purple.

There was no marked change in daylight until the sun was nearly covered. Then a strange, portentous, pallid semi-obscurity spread over the earth. The sky turned livid gray, inducing a feeling that some terrible catastrophe was near at hand. The atmospheric conditions varied very much during the eclipse, alternating with cloud and sunshine, but the results are not disappointing. During the total eclipse several prominences attained great distinctness and brilliancy. The air temperature fell slightly below its normal, the lowest temperature occurring several minutes after totality.

A Blow to the Rum Power.

The local rum power received a couple of black eyes on December 21, and its hitherto unbounded confidence in itself as a knocker-out of all who dared to oppose it was very seriously shaken. The Senate confirmed the nomination of J. W. Douglass to be a commissioner of the District of Columbia. At the same time it also confirmed the nomination of L. G. Hine, the Democratic commissioner, but that was something the liquor men had looked for. The astonishment was all centered on the case of Mr. Douglass. Some months ago, when Mr. Douglass was named by President Harrison as the man whom he wanted to see as chairman of the board of commissioners, there was a good deal of adverse comment made by the more prominent of the liquor dealers in this city, and when Commissioner Douglass made it evident that he was going to beat things seven times hotter than they were wont to be for violators of the Sunday law they counseled together and decided that Mr. Douglass should never be confirmed. Contrary to the usual custom the scalp-hunt was very quietly conducted. Not a single charge was filed with the Senate against Mr. Douglass by the "whisky crowd's" attorneys prepared briefs or made arguments. The work was done personally and by the most influential members of the combine, but it did not amount to anything. The District committee made a favorable report and the Senate accepted it without a word of comment. The confirmation was made as easily as though the party concerned was going to be nothing more than postmaster in a little backwoods village.

A New Flag.

The secretary of the Navy has adopted a new design for the flag of the navy, to take effect July 1, 1891. It will be applied to both the flag and the union jack of the navy, and consists of a rectangular arrangement of the 42 stars.

Gorman's Last Break.

Democratic politicians in this city and Baltimore are not saying much about the sensation produced by the publication of Senator Gorman's remarks at a secret meeting of the Democratic editors of the state of Maryland, held on Dec. 30 in the Hotel Rennert, at Baltimore.

The subject under discussion was the proposition to adopt in the state the Australian ballot system, and while Gorman may have temporarily defeated the measure, even before its introduction in the legislature, he has as surely wrecked himself in the eyes of all honest men.

How the speech leaked out is of but little consequence, but THE BLADE correspondent ran a state with the utmost positiveness that the report is correct in every particular. There was no attempt on the senator's part to charge the system with being unfair, nor did he claim that it could be "worked" in the interest of any party, but he did insist that the Democratic party should oppose the plan, because "it would throw the Democratic party in the rear."

The logic of Gorman's argument is easily reached. The Australian system would give every voter a fair chance. It means a free ballot, and a free ballot is equivalent to Republican success all the time. Just now Gorman is the most thoroughly abused Democrat in the country. He gave the party plans away, and the party must necessarily suffer. Republicans are jubilant, and with reason.

The Public Debt.

It is estimated at the treasury department that there has been a decrease of nearly $4,000,000 in the public debt during the month of December. This makes a total reduction for the first half of the present fiscal year of $24,065,616 as compared with a reduction of $31,522,398 during the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. The reduction for the calendar year ending to-day is $81,481,253, against a reduction of $91,536,148 for the calendar year 1888.

FOREIGN.

BRAZIL.

The Revolution by no Means an Unanimous Thing.

Brazilians in the United States are watching with grave concern the news from their native country. While they do not appear to be at all anxious for a restoration of the empire, it is evident that many of them look for troubles of a sort suggested by the recent disquieting dispatches concern disturbances in the provinces.

The reluctance of some of the most prominent men of liberal opinion to give their adhesion to the provisional government of Da Fonseca is taken as an indication that these men have intimated that it will be advisable to ascertain whether the new authorities will be entitled to general confidence, or whether they have undertaken something that they are not broad enough and strong enough to carry out.

A most significant thing in the estimation of well informed persons was the refusal of Don Jose Mariano, in Pernambuco, to accept the governorship of Pernambuco. Mariano is described as a man of immense influence in a province that has interests almost absolutely apart from those of the provinces south of the San Francisco river.

Among the aristocratic families of Pernambuco, as well as with the masses in that city, Mariano is a man whose judgment is as thoroughly respected and followed as his readiness to fight, if necessary, is acknowledged. The people of Pernambuco read their own papers and care nothing for what is said by those of other sections of Brazil. The city is the commercial and financial metropolis of the north.

Very much depends, according to a Brazilian authority, upon the course that Mariano advises the people of Parnambuco to take in the early future. If he should say "Withdraw," there is no sort of doubt that Pernambuco would refuse to abide by the decrees of the provisional government at Rio, and that it would be joined by neighboring provinces in establishing a new government of the northern provinces.

The withdrawal of one province might be expected to be followed by the refusal of others to yield obedience to the commands of the de Fonseca government, and possibly lead to a general breakup and a melancholy state of disorder in all of the provinces not controlled by the military forces.

A careful compilation of the expressions of the press shows that there is not one paper that has said anything critical of Dom Pedro. There have been many expressions of doubt about the expediency or timeliness of the declaration of the republic. Conservative Brazilians, who believe that the empire was carefully governed, and who thought it wise to continue it as long as Dom Pedro was alive, say that the most powerful influence against the declaration of the republic in Brazil has been the disorderliness of the republics that are its neighbors, while the empire, a monarchy only in name, has been free from convulsions for more than thirty years.

There is hope among the Brazilians that a better disposition toward the republic may be manifested, but there is a plain mistrust of the ability of the Rio administration to give assurances that will be acceptable. There is no fear of intervention by Germany or any other European government. Even if Germany dared to expose herself at home by undertaking any important foreign enterprise of that sort, it is believed that a hostile demonstration against Brazil would bring all the provinces together, and develop a unity of the South American republics that would be astonishing and perhaps unprofitable to all foreign nations interested in Brazilian affairs.

Story of Revolt.

Dispatches from Rio de Janeiro, received in cipher by the Lisbon newspaper *Novidades*, contain important and deeply interesting facts about the political upheaval reported there as having occurred on the 18th instant. From the information contained in the cipher telegrams it is undoubtedly correct that the provisional government found itself confronted by a very formidable and active opposition, among the members of which were numbered many soldiers, a good contingent from the navy, backed up by naval officers from both branches of the service, while numerous citizens also joined the revolt in favor of the monarchy.

These banded together and paraded the principal streets, giving full aggressive show of their sentiments, and very serious fighting resulted. The revolt was not suppressed until the morning of the 20th instant, when the regularly organized troops overcame and dispersed the monarchists. The provisional authorities arrested quite a number of leading participants in the revolt.

The steamship Sirius, which left Rio Janeiro December 5 and arrived at New York on Dec. 26, reports that several foreign war ships, among them the United States steamer Richmond, had arrived in the harbor, and that quietness reigned in the city, but that a riot had taken place in the Rio Grande district, although no particulars could be learned up to the time of sailing.

AFFAIRS IN JAPAN.

Much Opposition to the Proposed Changing of Treaties.

A. C. Reed, a prominent merchant of Yokohama, is in Chicago, on his way to New York. Talking of Japanese affairs Mr. Reed says the only agitation there now is the excitement caused by a wide opposition to the proposed revision of the treaties with European and American powers.

The most general opposition is caused by the proposed concession that foreigners may go anywhere, reside in any place in the empire, or own land, or engage in any business.

The larger part of the empire still retains much repugnance to the admission of foreigners. Mr. Reed further said that through the revision of the treaties there will be an immediate increase in the duties of the imperial tariff on imports. While the advance now talked of is not great it may suffice for the restoration of many industries now supposed to be dead.

Another gain is the abolition of extra territorial jurisdiction within five years after the ratification. The assumption by foreign nations of the right to exercise jurisdiction over the subjects resident in Japan has been a source of constant injustice to the Japanese. The reports of the doings in the consular courts show that their jurisdiction constitutes almost entire immunity for foreigners of certain nationalities to wrong their Japanese neighbors.

Nearly all the punishments inflicted have been greatly disproportionate to the offense. Not long ago an Englishman coldly murdered an inoffensive jap. He received the small sentence of five years in prison. He should have been hanged. By the new treatise this jurisdiction will cease at these ports where it exists in five years.

In place of it there is to be a mixed court of Japanese and foreign judges which will have jurisdiction over all cases arising from conflicts between foreigners and natives. The Japanese have seen so much of consular jurisdiction that the whole arrangement is distasteful to them.

A Scandal With Parnell's Name Attached To It.

Captain O'Shea, ex-member of the House of Commons, has filed a petition for a divorce from his wife on the ground of adultery, naming Charles Stewart Parnell as co-respondent. The specific acts are alleged to have taken place during the period extending from April, 1886, to the date of the petition at Eltham, No 34 York Terrace, the residence of Mrs. O'Shea, Regents Park, Brighton, Kingston and Sussex. In an interview on Dec. 28 Capt. O'Shea said that the charges made in his petition were true. "Of course," he added, "I do not claim damages."

Proclaimed King.

The ceremony of proclaiming His Majesty, Carlos I, as King of Portugal and Algarves, took place at Lisbon, on Dec. 28 The weather was cloudy, but this had no effect upon the crowds of enthusiastic people who thronged the streets through which the king passed on his way to the palace.

Defy the Government.

Despite the orders issued by the Swiss government prohibiting the holding of meetings by the salvation army in Switzerland, members of that organization continue to hold open-air meetings in Geneva. The authorities have decided to adopt vigorous measures to suppress the gatherings of the salvationists.

Denies the Statement.

The Toronto *Empire*, the Canadian government organ says: The reports which have been scattered broadcast throughout the United States to the effect that the government intends not to renew the *modus vivendi* next year, are entirely unwarranted.

GENERAL NEWS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business for the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade, New York, Dec. 27, says: At western points, with scarcely an exception, the open weather and bad condition of country roads are noticed as causes of unusually slow collections. In other respects, the reports of trade are generally satisfactory. The movement of grain at Chicago continues equal to that of last year to date, with an increase of 50 per cent in beef products, receipts of butter nearly doubled, and a slight increase in lard, but some decline in cheese, wool and hides.

The weak points of the situation are those trades which are most affected by two successive mild winters. The anthracite coal trade is stagnant, in the absence of demand, and the situation is almost without precedent. More than half of the Reading coal mines have closed, throwing 8,000 miners out of work, and it is stated that 20,000 miners are working on three quarters time. The bituminous coal trade is more active but lacking cars.

No definite relief in the woolen goods business can be expected until prolonged cold weather has caused a well sustained demand, and the clothing business in all parts of the country must necessarily depend to a great extent upon the weather.

On the other hand, the iron business continues to prosper. Though sales of pig iron are not very large, prices are firm at Philadelphia, and $19 50 is quoted here for No. 1. Sales of 35,000 tons of steel rails are reported, with prices steady at $35 east, and $36 25 at Chicago. Bar iron is firm at 2c, and confidence in the future in all branches of the iron and steel business undiminished.

In speculative markets corn has dropped 2½c, with sales of 11,000,000 bushels.

Wheat sales were but 9,000,000 bushels and the price unchanged, but oats are nearly 1c lower.

Pork products are now substantially unchanged; petroleum a quarter of a cent lower with insignificant trading; coffee a quarter higher with sales of only 160,000 bags; and cotton steady with small sales, though the exports again exceed those of the corresponding week last year, and the receipts are nearly the same. The belief in a very large yield grows stronger, but also faith in a large increase in foreign consumption.

Tight money continues here and at Philadelphia and relaxation is not to be expected now until after the January disbursements. The November exports exceeded imports by the unprecedented sum of $34,653,716, and at New York in December the exports show a decrease of 5.1 per cent, imports increased 22 per cent, but even at this rate the excess of imports for the whole country would be over $100,000,000. The treasury is so conducted as to sustain the money market as far as practicable, and $3,200,000 has been paid out in excess of receipts this week, but by the movement of $70,000,000 cash from the treasury and the banks to the west and south since August 1, makes the present stringency by no means surprising.

The business failures occurring throughout the country number 288.

GRADY'S MONUMENT.

Nearly $9,000 Raised in the City of Atlanta—The North Subscribes.

Nearly $9,000 have been raised by the Young Men's committee of Atlanta, for a monument to Henry W. Grady, and only a few subscriptions have been received from outside of Atlanta as yet. From all parts of the state come telegrams saying that the people want to help in the work, and doubtless many of Mr. Grady's friends, north and south, will desire to aid in building this monument, and for that reason the committee in charge has decided to hold the lists open for some days.

Among those who wired subscriptions from the North were Isidore Strauss, of New York, $200; Geo. T. G. White, of New York, $100; O. B. Potter, of New York, $100; Asa P. Potter, of Boston, $100; and Charles A. Sinclair, of Portsmouth, N. H., $100. Several letters containing subscriptions have been received from other Northern cities, but have not yet been reported to the committee. Orion Frazer, the sculptor who made the Grady sent to New Orleans to procure a death mask of Jefferson Davis for the monument here, did not see Mr. Grady again until he went to take a mask of him. Both masks are perfect.

Funeral of Henry W. Grady.

The funeral of Henry W. Grady took place at the Methodist church at Atlanta on Christmas afternoon. A monument fund was started, and before night it had reached $5,000.

MALLERY ON THE INDIANS.

The Professor Demolishes a Popular Belief of the Past.

Col. Garrick Mallery, of the Smithsonian institution, who is recognized as authority on Indian traditions, religions and languages, has just completed a contribution to science that is likely to cause considerable stir in geological circles. It is entitled "Israelite and Indian: A Parallel in Planes of Culture," and was written for the American association for the advancement of science, of which he is the vice president and chief of the anthropological section.

In this report Col. Mallery overthrows and completely demolishes a popular and almost universal theory that all the savage tribes of America, before their contact with civilization, had a formulated and established religious faith, believed in a single supreme being, a future life, and a system of rewards and punishments after death.

This theory, which has been accepted and disseminated by religious missionaries of all denominations among the Indians, has been the chief link to connect them with the prehistoric races of the Mosaic era, and, at the same time, has been used to demonstrate that man, as a creature, however ignorant or degraded was divinely inspired with a revelation or instinct, that recognized the one supreme being the immortality of the soul, and hope of happiness, or fear of misery after death, according as his worldly life was spent.

Col. Mallery reports that after years of investigation into the traditions of all the North American tribes, representing 58 linguistic stocks and more than 300 languages, he has been forced to the conclusion that they had no such instinct and no such religious belief until after contact with European civilization, when they gained it from missionaries. These missionaries, he says, were imbued with the dogma, and sought and therefore found evidence of one primeval faith, but were misled by their own enthusiasm. He continues:

"After careful examination, with the assistance of explorers and linguists, I reassert my statement that no tribe or body of Indians, before missionary influence, entertained any formulated or distinct belief in a single overruling 'great spirit,' or any being that corresponded to the Christian conception of God. But I freely admit, with even greater emphasis, that an astounding number of customs of the North American Indians are the same as those recorded of the ancient Israelites."

He tells, too, of the experience of W. W. Warren, who translated Bible history for the Ojibway nation and was invariably met with the remark from the native priests: "This book must be true, for our ancestors have told us similar stories generation after generation since the world was new," and only last year, when a well-informed chief of the Muskokas was being questioned as to the religious myths and legends of his tribe, he replied: "They are all in the Old Testament. We can read them there without the trouble of taking them down from our people." Col. Mallery also argues that it is useless to attempt to Christianize the Indians until after they have been civilized.

Farmers Trying to Make Money Without Work.

A farmer named David Sells was jailed at Council Bluffs on December 28, charged with being an accomplice of a gang of sharpers who have swindled Grangers at Macedonia out of sums aggregating $8,000. The victims were induced to undertake the disposal of counterfeit money, being first hoodwinked with supposed specimens of marvelously perfect bogus bills, which, however, were in reality genuine currency.

Each dupe was to be furnished with whatever amount of "goods" he wanted at $3 for $1, his deposit being left at a designated spot, where, an hour later, the counterfeit would be found in exchange. When the hour expired the sharpers and all money, genuine and bogus, were missing. The prisoner, Sells, was himself a loser. It was through him that the other victims were drawn into the scheme.

To Kill Bob Ford.

A rounder in Kansas City, Kan., attempted to cut Bob Ford's throat while he was engaged at faro on Dec. 25. The wound was slight, and the would-be assassin escaped.

"LA GRIPPE."

A History of the Russian Influenza—How to Cure It.

The *Medical News*, of Philadelphia, in its issue of December 28, publishes an exhaustive article on influenza—la grippe—by Prof. Robert Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College. After giving an historical review of the disease, its pathology and morbid anatomy, the author says:

"Influenza comes suddenly; goes as quickly. The least robust, at any age, and women seem to be the first victims. It is here a question of bodily condition, not of the sex.

The large numbers simultaneously attacked attracts general attention, and thus those most impressionable are seized, the onset being facilitated by any depressing emotion like fear or illness. There is no rigor, properly to be thus designated, but but rather a series of light chills and a feeling of heat therewith. Sometimes malaise of a general kind is experienced, but like the attack itself, is short in duration—lasting but a few hours.

With the first access of the nasal and faucial irritation comes the coldness, which is followed by some feverishness, with more pronounced malaise, and, in general, the headache, weakness and soreness of the members, especially of the larger joints. With the progress of the case in some epidemics there is considerable general weakness, even marked depression of the vital powers. The pulse becomes small and weak, the mind gloomy, and restlessness ensues. When a fatal termination is to occur, as a rule, an extension downward into the trachea and brochi takes place.

Although catarrhal and croupous pneumonia are said to be "complications," they should be regarded as occasional conditions, and when present are, properly speaking, constituted parts of the malady. The chief importance of croupous and catarrhal pneumonia is that the development of these, out of an existing catarrh and bronchi, is frequently a cause of death.

The rapidity with which the disease supervenes—its preliminary development being hours, and its whole career but a matter of three or four days—is remarkable. Relapses are common, usually each succeeding seizure being milder, but not a few pass by easy transition into chronic bronchitis, emphysema, asthma, etc.

Obviously a catarrhal process so extensive and severe may contribute immensely to chronic disease of the middle ear, Eustachian tube, nose and throat, and thus permanently damage the parts.

The best manner of securing immunity is by the inhalation of sulphuric acid gas daily, when the approach of the epidemic renders it necessary, and by taking five grains of salicylate of cinchoninidine three times a day and by so living as to avoid taking cold.

When the attack has begun, it seems to me desirable to give one or two grains of calomel at night, inhale some sulphurous acid gas and have the patient sit in a room where steam containing eucalyptol can be inhaled in large quantity. The insufflation of resorcin by dusting over the entire area of affected parts as far as practicable is also recommended.

The internal remedy most desirable is atropine in solution—one grain to one ounce of water—dose being one to five drops, the minimum being for little children (after first dentition.)

The tincture of belladonna may be used—from one to ten drops twice a day. As this medicament is both prompt and prolonged in action, it should be given not more than twice a day, unless the dose be much smaller than is advised above.

Salicylate of sodium in grains and quinine should be given as a prophylactic remedy, if there be reasons to suppose that such power is really exerted by it. My own conviction is that as a prophylatic the combination of cinchoninidine with salicylic acid is preferable to quinine. For the depression and melancholy it is probably that atropine will do better. For the distressing headache, joint pains and wakefulness, antipyrene, acetalid, phenacetin and other germicides and antiseptics, will, no doubt, be found useful.

Growing Alarmed.

The number of deaths from influenza in Paris are increasing and the residents of the city are beginning to manifest a panicky feeling. The condition of M. de Freycinet, minister of war, who is suffering from the disease, has changed for the worse. Drs. Brouardel and Proust have been attacked and their condition is serious.

Died With the Grip.

John Templeton Coolidge, president of Columbian bank, Boston, died on December 28 at his residence of "la grippe." Mr. Coolidge was one of the oldest bank presidents in Boston.

According to the official records nearly 300 policemen in New York city are laid up with the grippe. A number of detectives are also laid up, while several captains are mentioned on the sick list.

Queen Olga, of Wurtemburg, is suffering from an attack of influenza.

RIOT IN THE SOUTH.

Twenty Negroes Killed—Fearful Bloodshed Reported.

Twenty negroes were killed in a riot at and around Jessup, Georgia, on Dec. 25. The Georgia Hussars, of Savannah, under command of Capt. W. W. Gordon, patrolled the village the next day.

There is intense excitement over the killing of Deputy Marshal Matthew Barnhall and Lumberman W. H. Woods. Marshal D. Leggett and Station Agent M. J. Woods, were badly wounded, but it is expected that both will recover. While the negroes were retreating to the swamp, several of their white pursuers were slightly wounded, Marshall Leggett and another citizen fatally.

Armed reinforcement from neighboring villages arrived promptly, and with nearly all the able-bodied whites of Jessup and many friendly negroes, a descent was made on the rioters.

The negroes were well supplied with Winchesters and revolvers, and made a sortie from one side of the swamp. They stood their ground for a very short time, as the scrub trees did not afford much protection.

Several were shot down in the scramble for shelter on their retreat to the dense canebrake. During the night an occasional shot was heard in the village. A negro was found dead in an alley a few moments ago and two others of the wounded are reported dying. Fear is now entertained for the safety of the people remaining in the neighboring towns, but as all the negroes and whites seem to be congregated in Jessup little danger need be apprehended in those places.

The trouble, Christmas began at 10 a. m., just as Chief Marshal Leggett was making his rounds. He saw a negro on the site of the hotel rapidly firing a rifle. "It's Bob Brewer," somebody said, as the people began to pour out of the stores.

The name of the notorious outlaw and fugitives sent terror to the hearts of citizens who watched the antics of Brewer. "It must be stopped," said Officer Leggett. He then went into his store and, arming himself with a shotgun, deputized William Austin, Mr. Jackson and W. T. Reddish to arm themselves and go with him to arrest the man. This enraged the negroes and a free fight ensued.

The last of the volunteer military were withdrawn on Dec. 27, and the town is in charge of the civil authorities, who have complete control. The victims number only six, three whites and three blacks.

At no time was the affair a riot. In its inception, a half breed negro Indian, Bob Brewer, defied arrest, killed two whites and wounded a third. Mayor Hopp's call for troops was unnecessary and aggravated the situation. The news spread through out the country and a hundred irresponsible parties flocked to the town on the trains from every direction.

The leading spirit in the outrages committed after dark on the negroes was a lightning rod agent from Cincinnati. Jessup's citizens were not connected with the whippings, and deplore the lawless acts. Brewer has four followers, all well armed. They may, in retaliation, kill some whites in the thinly settled country, but will not dare attack Jessup. They will themselves be killed eventually, as they are hunted by hounds.

The Philadelphia City Government to Observe the New Law.

City Solicitor Warwick of Philadelphia, has officially decided that the eight hour law is applicable to the departments under the control of the city government. The peculiar part of the law is that it has been upon the statute books without being enforced for 21 years, having been enacted at the legislative session of 1868. It has remained a dead letter during all this time, and, if ever thought of by the heads of departments, was never enforced.

Some time since the United Labor League, at the suggestion of Mr. George Chance, at that time president, took up the question, and President Chance and Secretary Barrett were appointed a committee to inquire into the legality of the measure and the reason of its non-enforcement. As a result of their labors, the law committee of city councils recently referred the enactment to City Solicitor Warwick for an official opinion, with the result to-day as stated above.

OPPOSING THE RUM POWER.

An Extraordinary Proclamation Issued by the Governor of New Hampshire.

Governor Goodell, of New Hampshire, on December 28, issued the following extraordinary proclamation: "In view of various heinous crimes which have been committed in our state within the past few weeks, directly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors, in the sale of which the criminal laws have been flagrantly violated, now, therefore, I warn all persons engaged in this illegal and deadly traffic to desist therefrom immediately, and I call upon the attorney-general of the state, the solicitors and sheriffs of the counties, the mayors of the cities, and selectmen, and all other officers throughout the state, and upon all good citizens of every party to unite in one supreme effort to close up and suppress every liquor saloon of every description within our borders.

"Let no guilty man escape. Numerous decisions of our Supreme Court attest the constitutionality of our prohibitory liquor laws. Let them be vigorously enforced that our people may enjoy the great benefits which are sure to follow.

"And I cannot refrain from urging all churches, temperance organizations, and all persons who desire the best good of our commonwealth to redouble their efforts to promote personal sobriety and temperance amongst our people."

THE IRON RATE.

A Joint Committee to Meet and Consider the New Iron Schedule.

Mr. B. F. Jones, president of the Western Iron association, has been notified by letter that at a recent meeting of the Eastern Iron association, held in Philadelphia, a committee had been appointed to meet with a similar committee to be appointed by the Western association, and consider the revision of the card of extras now in use by the two bodies. The idea has met with much favor in Pittsburg, and it is very probable that a conference will be arranged. Secretary Weeks, of the association, has been instructed to take the necessary steps to have a meeting.

The card of extras is based on the common two cent card and calls for higher prices for products requiring extra cost and labor. The meeting will probably be held in Philadelphia. It is a question now whether a joint committee can so revise the scale as to make it suitable to both parties. The card rate has never been respected, and if such an arrangement cannot be made individual firms threaten to cut loose from the association and formulate a list of their own.

RID OF SLAV AND HUN.

A Movement by American Mechanics to Drive Them from the Coke Region.

With the beginning of 1890, it is quite likely a movement will be inaugurated which will rid the Connellsville, Pa., coke region of the "Slav" and "Hun," two very undesirable classes of residents who have been more than usually unruly during the year just closing. These classes have fully demonstrated their uselessness as citizens, and it is rumored that the order of United American mechanics will begin a crusade against them which will eventually oust them from the region. The business men of Connellsville, and indeed of all the towns on the region are also interested in this matter. The Hun and his kindred spirits are not tax-payers, and they argue that if they were replaced by an intelligent and law-abiding body of workers, the business interests would be much improved, for it is claimed that the presence of the Hun and his many depredations keep capital and enterprise away. It is not known in what manner the members of the order will proceed, but this attempt will be watched with interest.

MRS. GEN. THOMAS DEAD.

The Wife of "Old Pap" Has Followed Her Husband to the Grave.

The widow of Gen. George H. Thomas died suddenly on Christmas night at her residence in Washington City. She had not been in good health for two years past, although up to the hour she retired there was nothing in her condition to awaken uneasiness among her friends. Mrs. Thomas passed away as quietly as did her distinguished husband nineteen years ago at San Francisco.

No Liquor Allowed at the Brewer Banquet.

At the banquet given to Judge Brewer on the evening of December 30, by leading citizens of Leavenworth in honor of his elevation to the Supreme court of the United States, the committee of arrangements for the banquet had prepared to provide its guests with a milk punch.

In some way this fact reached the ears of the police commissioners, and the proprietors of the hotel were warned by Commissioner Lowe that if any liquors were served they would be arrested on such information. The banquet committee gave orders to pay no heed to this threat.

Commissioners Lowe and Abernathy heard of this and declared that if the punch was served the police would certainly enter the place during the banquet and confiscate the liquors. Rather than have any disturbance, the committee consented to forego the punch, and the only beverages at the feast were tea, coffee, milk and chocolate.

Two Passenger Trains Collide Running at Full Speed.

A frightful and fatal wreck occurred at Kokomo, Indiana, December 31, on the Panhandle railway, one mile north of the depot. Train No. 13, north-bound, conductor Thomas Lamb, left the junction at 2:15 a. m., schedule time.

When about a